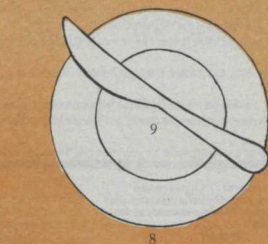


DISCORDER

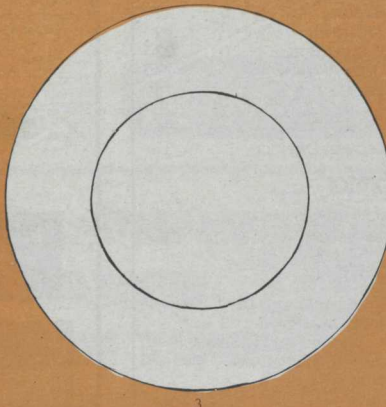
December, 1997

That Etiquette Magazine from CiTR 101.9 fM

FREE!



1. Soup spoon
2. Dinner knife
3. Plate
4. Dessert fork
5. Salad fork
6. Dinner fork
7. Napkin
8. Bread and butter plate
9. Butter spreader
10. Tumbler



Suggested Serving:

1. WOODEN STARS
2. COLDCUT
3. HANIN ELIAS
4. WINDY & CARL
5. SOUTHERN CULTURE on the SKIDS
6. CORNERSHOP
7. CiTR ON-AIR PROGRAMMING GUIDE

DISCORDER

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pendergraft production
manager: tristan winch
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tribution: matt stefish,
sean roggell us distri-
bution: tristle
discorder on-line:
ben lai publisher: linda
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COVER

'TIS THE SEASON FOR EATIN', LEAVING
YER ELBOWS OFF THE TABLE AND
MINDING YER MANNERS! PROPER
ETIQUETTE COVER BY ARTIST
TANYA SCHNEIDER.

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tion 17,500.
Subscriptions, payable in advance, to Canadian residents are
\$15 for one year, to residents of the USA are \$15 US, \$24
CAN elsewhere. Single copies are \$2 (to cover postage, of
course). Please make checks or money orders payable to
DISCORDER Magazine.
DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the January issue is December
5th. Ad space is available until December 12th and can be
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THE PAGE 8

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8 Ways to Survive the Holidays

1. Best way to dodge annoying conversations at family get-togethers: Go to a Dinosaur Jr. Concert the night before (pardon...)
2. Buy pants 2 sizes too large because you'll eat your way into them anyway (mmm... shortbread).
3. Call a cab two hours before you're ready and you may arrive on time.
4. Stock up on batteries as most hand held battery operated devices tend to be fondled more with a few extra days off.
5. Volunteer at a shelter, foodbank, etc... and discover how to be humble (OK, one that's serious).
6. Poll shoppers as to whether or not they believe the Grinch is a hermaphrodite.
7. Ask to eat a fry off a stranger's plate. It satisfies the craving and is healthier than eating an entire order yourself.
8. Buy one of the CDs listed below as a stocking stuffer for your mom. She'll love you forever.



Amette Bachman - Tortured *anxious*
"Tortured... returns here with an indie album deserving major attention. Take note of her insightful and clever songwriting."
The Record



Fred Eaglesmith - Lipstick Lies & Gasoline *anxious*
"Sleazy ballads, gritty roots rock, and powerful character studies... Fred Eaglesmith will introduce you to people that you know, but you've never met. And he'll take you to places you remember, but you've never been."



Gregory Isaacs - Happy As A King *anxious*
"Adapted by his enough have not yet been invented to described Gregory Isaacs."



Swann 23 - The Legendary Ether Pony *anxious*
"Bravely, evocative pop punctuated by bursts of heavy, velvety fuzz."



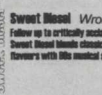
Mythos - Indecence *anxious*
"Mythos 'Indecence' was best chosen about the 1997 Pacific Music Awards."



Maximum Penalty - Superlife *anxious*
"Superlife to street savvy and will appeal to fans of hardcore, punk, alternative and hard rock."



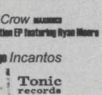
Sweet Diesel - Sweet Diesel *anxious*
"Sweet Diesel classic into 70s/80s like punk lovers with this musical sensibilities."



Sweet Diesel - Wrongville *anxious*
"Sweet Diesel classic into 70s/80s like punk lovers with this musical sensibilities."



Tippy Agogo - Holy Crow *anxious*
"Holy Crow" is a limited edition LP featuring Ryan Moore from Legendary Pink Dots.
Also available Tippy Agogo Incantos



Tippy Agogo - Incantos *anxious*
"Incantos" is a limited edition LP featuring Ryan Moore from Legendary Pink Dots.
Also available Tippy Agogo Incantos

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citrradio@mail.ams.ubc.ca

dear

airhead

Dear L. Scholten,
Manager of CTR-IM Vancouver,

In the first place allow me to introduce myself. My name is Felix Antonio Rojas, I'm Cuban and I'm 32 years old. I'm an independent writer.

Only a few days ago I had the chance of having in my hands a number of your publication and I was impressed by the excellent design and the quality of the impression, as much as by the contents — that show the line of your work.

Not having any other matter I still want to thank you for your kindness in reading my letter and to tell you I would be very haughty to wear a t-shirt with an advertising of your radio station, or t-shirt of Vancouver, of course, if it in your hand to satisfy my wish.

I desire you all the luck in the world. God bless you and all Canadian people, yours truly,

Felix Rojas
Havana City, Cuba

Dear Mr. Poulin

Why, why why are you getting printed? Every month, I try to get through one of your essays. But, despite an earnest belief in the use of intelligent discourse, I don't think I've gotten through one. I come away disgusted each time, either by your arrogant, pseudo-intellectual, brat tone of voice, by your incoherent and ambiguous language, or by the utterly pedestrian and recycled ideas that you are trying so hard to spout. I just don't have the strength.

And what I want to know is, man, is anyone reading your stuff? Do people actually enjoy watching you masturbate all over the page? I can't imagine it. Or maybe this is it: maybe everyone, including your editors, is too intimidated by your self-satisfied smirk (I'm sure you've got a great smirk) and by sentences like, "The same non-place, that is, utopia, is to be [not] found" (Oct. '97) to tell you that your writing is a bunch of self-satisfied bullshit. Somebody, please come to his defence so I can understand why



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it is he gets a page every month. Utopia is to be (not) found? Shit, man, is anybody supposed to understand that? And once I do decipher an idea of yours, I find I don't care anymore, because it's already been said before, by Camus, or Tolstoy, or take your pick; it was said in a tiny paragraph on the way to a much more powerful idea. If you're going to talk about a concept as ineffable as faith, man, don't play word-games.

So I just want to say, once and for all, fuck you man. Fuck you, because in the last 7 months I've read you, you haven't said shit that anyone hasn't already talked about at party or at a stoned busstop, except that you doll it up with words like "ancillary." And fuck you because you're getting published and I'm not.

Love,
Andrew Turner

Thank you for the good advice. I quit. (K. Poulin)

Correction!! The scatterbrained production team would like to apologize to Les and Siobhan Twin Stars, the writers of the Shixuo article in last month's DISCORDER, for neglecting to give them credit where credit's due. Sorry ...

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vancouver special

by janis mckenzie

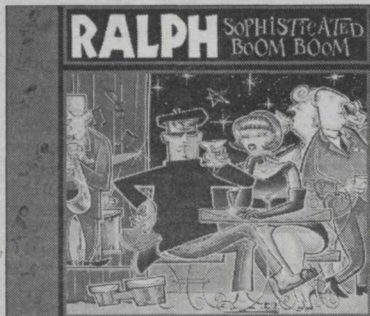
Hello again! Yes, I was off for a couple of months (doing some stuff at another radio station, I confess), but I'm happy to be back, ready to face the CDs that have been piling up on the living room floor, and just in time to help you out with your Christmas present buying difficulties. First of all, how about:

RALPH Sophisticated Boom Boom (Bongo Beat)

No, you don't have to be a coffee-house-dwelling, poetry-quoting, bongo-playing computer-geek hipster to appreciate *Sophisticated Boom Boom*, the latest from **Ralph Alfonso**. If you have a sense

of humour or a sentimental streak, pop sensibilities or a liking for Maritimes folk songs, a fondness for **Gene Vincent** or even a hankering to hear Tom Harrison (the only reason to open *The Prov-*

ince) sing again, there are nuggets of gold here for you. The 36 tracks on the audio portion of the CD are arranged thematically — my favourite sections are "Loud Guitars Baby Rock All Night,"



which includes the very catchy "Jongly Love Song" as well as the Tom Harrison offering (a Kinks song), and "Living Room Pianos and Guitars," which includes faux traditional folk treat "Prince of the Miramichi," sung by the lovely-voiced **Bridget Sullivan**. And, naturally, there's plenty more for owners of computers with CD-ROM drives. What a deal

THE SADDLESORES A Fistful of Hollers (Independent)

What can I say about *The SaddleSoreS* that hasn't been said before? They won last year's Shindig (although heavily booed by the friends of the other bands), they wear makeup (okay, I have a weakness for boys who wear makeup — how naughty!), they love **Johnny Cash** (doesn't everybody?), and their sound is the twisted wreckage of a collision between *The New York Dolls* and **Hank Williams** (or something like that). This ain't no beer-sippin', toe-tappin', line-dancin' music, but a brash, slightly goofy (but always tight) pack-o'-noise. Don't buy this for the easily frightened (that's what **Garth Brooks** and **Celine Dion**

records are for, after all), but do consider it for anyone who can take a joke, especially if they like country, rockabilly, or glam-rock.

Not loud enough for you? How about:

NICKELBACK Curb (Independent)

This is the perfect thing for the pal, relative, or boyfriend who is pining for the days when **Soundgarden**, **Mudhoney**, and even **Nirvana** used to play small



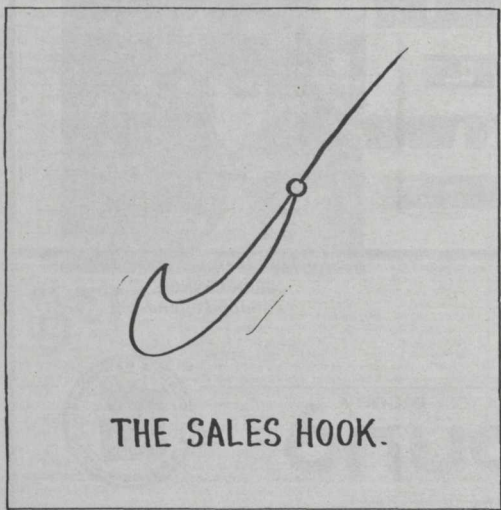
clubs. The happy recipient will find it difficult not to jump up and down to this hard-rockin', homegrown CD, I promise you.

Worrying about what to give that difficult-to-buy-for person on your list? Nothing beats a good compilation for pleasing the fussy, and **Nothing Beats a Royal Flush: 18 Classic Canadian Crap-Outs (Roto-Flex)** is a very

good compilation indeed. It includes high-quality entries from Vancouver's own **Maow**, **The Mach 13's**, **Fiends**, and **Tonics**, as well as the farther-afield likes of **Huevos Rancheros**, **Chixdiggit**, and **Jackson Phibes** (of *The Forbidden Dimension*). The packaging is charmingly distasteful too, although a little risky: cat owners will have trouble keeping the devilish little kitties away from the chain that's attached, and that darn disc keeps falling out of its slot. (But what's a little danger to courageous types like you?)

A fan of eclectic pop and other indie sounds? Wondering what all this **K Records** stuff is about? Just trying to fill in those gaps in your 7" collection? Here's your CD, kids. Fresh from the folks at K comes another line compilation, **Project: Echo**, made up of songs taken from the international Pop Underground series of 7" singles. Listen for Vancouverites **Mecca Normal**, **Wandering Lucy**, and **The Softies** (well, I'm claiming them for Vancouver, anyway), as well as **The Crabs**, **Lois**, **Kicking Giant**, **Versus**, **Heavenly**, and plenty more.*

Bolched Ampal Lang by Ted Dave



THE SALES HOOK.

TED DAVE QT

cowshed chronicles

hope springs eternal and I have taken the first steps in trying to make it spring faster yet, the nights come quicker this time of year and to get all the day's duties done before it gets dark is a chore unto itself. I have set out each day to try and get something done on my long list of things to do, while having one less job these days makes getting some things done easier, other things still seem to get placed on the back burner, in an attempt to further my writing career, as if I have one at all, I submitted the first copy of my novel, or rather, novella — as it's shorter than a novel should be — to a local publishing house and am now bracing myself for the worst. It should help in the toughening up of my skin as the rejection letters come in one by one from the others I plan on hitting next. Let me tell you, though, it's a great relief to have it finally finished. I am, and I don't mind telling you this, tired of reading it. I have gone over it so many times that I have no perspective anymore, but I'm glad I stuck it out. I have been known for not following through and letting things go their own way, but felt compelled, regardless of the net results, to see this thing through. My father has always maintained, sadly so, that I should write more than my usual output and show it around, damning the general population's opinion of my work, so that's where I'm at, for now — a guy waiting for the shit to roll in and prepared to take it all. I've given up, though, on the getting ahead idea, the one that drove me for so long. I now do things purely for my own sense of accomplishment. I know, so corny and trite but true, I'm sad to say, in the words of devo, I'm through being cool, if I ever was, a calm has come over me and I will never again worry about my place in the grand scheme of things. I do, however, still find myself jealous or envious of others who have obtained more or gone higher than I have, but that's simply a part of human nature I have yet to get over. I now live for the feelings of being smitten by a beautiful woman and I want for nothing more, why should I? why should you? that's what it's all about. use your head but don't forget your heart, until next time, smoke like there's no tomorrow and maybe I'll meet you halfway sometime. gth ...

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SATURNEHEAD

Who are you?

Ooh ooh ... Ooh ooh.

Please give us a family tree for Saturnhead ...

The Olive tree: 'Saturnhead' comes from the Greek word 'Pholomus' which means (rough translation, because the literal doesn't make any sense) 'He who laughs at luggage.' Saturnhead's music is created by one mind, two hands on a ten-year-old four-track recorder. Saturnhead is, for those of you who may not know, a one man four track band. Terry Miles lays all the instruments and writes all the songs. Now, this would be quite a bit to accomplish live so, enter the live band.

What music is on your answering machine?

Beach Boys ... again ...

Is Boba Fett a female? Which character did each member of Saturnhead play as a youngster?

Boba Fett! Boba Fett!

Who are Resolution Records? Are there not any labels in Vancouver 'worthy' of releasing The 'Head'?

Resolution Records are the beast from the east. Toronto independent pop music specialists with a deep appreciation for a certain Canadian lo-fi pop guy with a very large record collection.

Vancouver is mainly a movie town — anything extraordinary is skillfully ignored by everyone in the business. And it is sad, because it is very much a nice place to live.

How has your band used the internet to further your career? It's quite a story, eh? Plus, any hints on how to stop getting porn and get rich quick junk e-mail?

Yes. We have created the world's first virtual church of lo-fi indie-pop, the first church of Saturnhead. As far as porn and get-rich-quick junk ... With Boogie Nights, porn is back. We're tryin' to get 'hooked up' for some soundtrack work ... anyone?

By the way, (a) who came first, Cinnamon Toast [Records], Halifax, or

Cinnamon, Vancouver? And (b) Redd Kross was spotted backstage at the Rage with a Cinnamon tape in hand, April 1997. What came of that?

(a) Cinnamon Toast ... Cinnamon the band was named after secret agent girl Cinnamon on the TV series *Mission: Impossible*. But Cinnamon [Canada] did come before Cinnamon [Sweden]. And what exactly does Cinnamon have to do with Saturnhead? Absolutely nothing ... sorry.

(b) Yes, Redd Kross have family ties to both Cinnamon and Saturnhead: all three are eternal spirits of '76. Redd Kross is another band that has tailed in relative obscurity for many years. That is, of course, Saturnhead's only aspiration, relative obscurity ... how romantic.

If you could combine all of the Spice Girls into one 'Super Spice Girl,' would she rule the world with her uniquely enhanced 'Girl Power'?

Well, how many navels would she have? I think with all of that talent, yes. But you can leave out Sparty. We don't really need Sparty Spice in the equation. Under 'Spice' rule, would we be forced to wear the very big shoes? What would become of MENS? WOMENSA?

What time is it?

It's time to break out of the Pabulum and crank up those K-Tel albums. It looks like we've got a mighty indie-pop lo-fi bug music convoy, gonna take ya' downtown. Saturnhead's new album will be available this winter on Darling Music, check that web. And remember, always floss, and keep an eye out for the Knights Templar ... shriek!

Discography:

1997 *Introducing ... Arizona's Thin Mistake* (Resolution/Sonic Union/F&A-B) CD

1996 *Your Smart Friends Are Gonna Love This* (Darling Music) cassette

Contact:

Box 93559 Nelson Park PO, Vancouver, BC, V6E 4L7; saturnhead@earthlink.net; <http://www.geocities.com/broadway/4941/>

Thrillseekers

Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

Don: Guitar, bass, organ. If we were the Partridge Family, I would be Shirley.

Seichiro: Drums, 23 years.

Kacey: Bass, guitar, keyboard. Lord of this whole sector, cross me and burn in an eternal pit of reeking pain. I am ogless.

What is the connection between Thrillseekers and restaurants?

Don: We like to eat in them, especially the lentil stew with tahini at Deserts. If they want to sponsor our band, I would be happy to shove a big mouthful of it in as we're accepting our Grammy award.

Seichiro: Don and I used to work at the Japanese restaurant called the Eatery. That's where we met.

Kacey: Restaurants are node points where musicians, or people who think they want to play in bands congregate for food, employment or bath. So too, have we, Thrillseekers, congregated. Thus we meet.

Any messages for Thrill Squad, who you ironically opened for on your first gig?

Don: The other night I was driving home in the rain and my windshield was kind of fogged up and I wrote the name Thrill Squad on it with my finger. A couple of nights later, I was again driving home in the rain, and on that very same spot, on my fogged up windshield, appeared the phrase 'Saturn walks among us.' I cannot explain this.

Seichiro: How's it going?

Kacey: No special message for Thrill Squad, but that story Don wrote is absolutely true.

Pro-sports or anti-sports?

Don: Pro-Sportsdesk, which I watch at work. You

get the scores and the big plays, and you don't have to sit through the games. Also pro-Saskatchewan Roughriders.

Seichiro: Pro-snowboarding. YASU kuh.

Kacey: I am pro-playing sports. I love hockey. But it is bad that there are billions of dollars tied up in pro-sports when there are people who don't have no shoes, y'know?

Could you tell us what the antithesis of your band is?

Don: Mean people with un-positive energy who cannot see the beauty that is around them.

Seichiro: Shouting at people that we kick ass so hard that they will bleed.

Kacey: I think Marilyn Manson is a booger.

Current most-hated song?

Don: Whatever song that all of the hippy kids are playing on their drums on Commercial Drive all the bloody time. Hippy children, put down your drums and go back to juggling sticks and hockey-stick before there is a blood bath in the streets, I'm begging you.

Kacey: I don't know what song I hate the most, but I'm excited that dropin hockey season is almost upon us.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

Don: Have you ever thought of expanding to a four-piece?

Yes.

If you did, who would you want in the band?

A nice guy named Kevin who, if he grew his moustache again, would look just like a blonde Robbie Robertson, circa 1971.

Discography:

No. *

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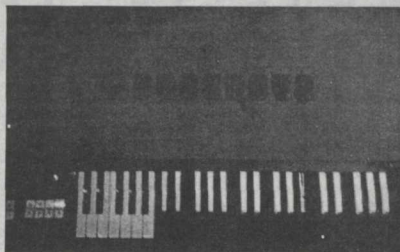
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WHERE IS NOT WHAT YOU WEAR

There is a block of dull gray and dried concrete inside my head. It is waste embodied, slowly becoming unbecoming. Even waste has too much descriptive character here, in fact. This comes as no surprise to some readers and acquaintances, I'm sure. This may even be my most distinctive feature, next to my paranoia, but both are really quite obvious to see, as they dip out of sight. This block is cake-like and cumbersome, with veins and arteries running through it for no reason. What's more, it flakes and chips apart when I move, slowly becoming smaller and less useful. For my own good I should leave it alone, or else I'll be left with only blood-soaked dust; a mucky swampy liquid sloshing between my ears—as if it makes a difference. And so, with this prognosis in front of me—and with little real choice on my part, actually—I am giving up trying to deny or to do anything about my transformation. Why not? And so, accordingly, everything about me has now become increasingly sluggish and uninspired, more so than ever before, all the way off the map. In short, I am all crumbs and hot gas: i.e. nothing in particular at all, hardly a register, a bona fide waste of effort segueing into less and less. This is neither bad nor good. So long, human world, you're welcome to it. Time, space, language, culture, economics, people, and what not, are all too much for the concrete-headed like me. I can't even

begin to do or say anything enough to alter this multiple burden, except the something that is nothing. Even nothing can't express my absolute attitude, which is so gone that it hasn't even started.

Luckily, even with my concrete head, I was just able to force out one last small observation for old-time's sake: as much as I would like to, I will never understand anything except good-enough lies; and the term "lies" is just a loaded shorthand offered to capture something of the sense of relative functionality I am trying to express. The same goes for everyone, it seems, for this business with lies. But this pseudo revelation is only partial. Because not even the self-knowledge of this incapacity is truly mine, it is always already not even there. Not even nowhere, that's the ticket. Novel gazing without the help of a novel or the rightness of a gaze. Hiss. Even a good, discrete sense of failure, disappointment or some other comparable and more comprehensible form of frustration would be a suitable refuge, a structure of some sort, providing context enough to begin explication. I know, I know... oh boohoo to you, concrete head. Ah yes, but such angst is a washout really, a dramatic make-believe ritual and pretension, a game for privileged romantics, of which I was once one. Like depression or anomie, angst relies too much on a psychology and a culture that assumes too

much, even if only about lies upon lies. All this is too much for the concrete-headed, besides, I'm talking about much more—or rather, much less—than stupid, self-indulgent self-loathing. I don't even care that much, remember, and that's the trick: Gone. Structures don't matter.

All this seems very disgusting and ugly because it is basic, but being basic makes it blank. It is not disgusting and ugly, or appealing and beautiful. And so, to call all this miserable or to say that I am suffering by it is to say far too much, overstating the crucial simplicity of this happenstance. In this case, it is unwritable. Save the adjectives, the best thing about this development is that it means not even nothing, not even nothing crossed out. Take my word for it. While the last moment of corporeality is spent reveling in nothingness—the funny little non-hinge—I'm ready to move on or out, to step aside, well off the stage, quite out of the theater. So long bodies, texts and discourse. And I could give a shit for any final anti-totality of absence or whatever. Let the other players contend with such silly complications, I am not interested in the game anymore, and I can't be. I'm ripe for the in-between parts that never end or begin, where necessity and its antithesis blow each other out as if they never were, and where words never materialize in any form. Because it just doesn't matter, and it never did or will. Just like me. Not even Other—who cares for Other? My concrete head slowly turns to dust. No, this isn't about death or rebirth, or anti-anything. It is the isless and itless. And I dare say, we all have one foot in it already. Once you have two, then you have neither.

In the meantime, fuck popular culture and all its ups, downs and ironies. It's all so tiresome. It is what it is, okay, and everyone knows it already and then some. A thousand plateaus of endless intricacy that never take place, where everyone is right and wrong all at once, all the time. Suffer, enjoy, or do both. It is just one out of so many good-enough lies, all right. And it can be so much fun and meaningful, or it can be. Congratulations. I don't care for anyone's agreement or disagreement on this, share it amongst yourselves, if it amounts to the same thing anyway. Remember, my head is now decrepit concrete. But popular culture was the last sufficient push that tipped me over, that gave me the big show. Funny enough, it also gave me the necessary will to cancel my will beyond negation, all without my conscious participation, mind you. A last moment of psychic canalization, this was my self's last political action. It was so much more than theoretical masturbation, p.d. It was so fucking heroic and fantastic, and then not even nothing. Not bliss or terror. If my former concern regarding popular culture was the final "in" that was also my way "out" of needing ins and outs, then it did me some service after all. Or maybe, I should say, I am now no longer in the position to judge all this by any standard or practice. I have no feeling in the future and my memory is emptying and closing up. These few words are the automatic writing of my fading human capacities, giving up a last spasm of empathy for no particular reason. An unromantic mirrored horizon. A haunted narrative or self epitaph. As insular as a drooping. Big deal.

It is odd, however, this popular culture stuff. I mean, what a fine show. But there it is. All these things, choices and stress. The luxury of being burdened by incidental cultural formations is enough to make any fair-minded person a little cynical and reclusive. Nauseous, even. But en masse it has created a profoundly obsessive sense of all things conceivable. Try out attempting to have a brief—albeit fictitious—

objective sense of this behaviour. It can be so weird. Even a concrete head like me still knows enough to marvel at what an awesome abstraction the commodity is. This was how I was ready to ease into concrete headedness, actually, the transformation was staged again and again in popular culture. Just fell into place and out of nowhere. But I'm not pointing any fingers or anything. Who am I to blame, how am I to blame, whom am I to blame... you get the idea, I'm sure—although I don't get it anymore, because I don't care at all. I haven't joined or left, I just haven't haven't. But I definitely haven't become fractured into oblivion, dematerialized, woven a swirling braidage of leucobots. That bluish line only carries so far. A smoke screen. This is the obsequious car crash—it comes to you: an endless, nameless avalanche of stuff. We have no shortage of stuff, except for the less financially fortunate, who maybe only have no shortage of desire. Even the grossly fortunate have no shortage of desire, however. Maybe desire is the final level, where everyone becomes common. Certainly need can't be. Does the commodity secretly tell us all this? Hard to tell, desire does all the talking. The nature of the commodity hides behind the surface of the incidental "whatever" it empowers. How can it not speak in so many ways at once? It is so sublime. Its glorious radiance dries the concrete more and more. If ever there was something that is beyond us, with a machinic transcendence, enabling a lazy totalization, it surely is the ghostly commodity, as firm as our hands. If gratitude mattered anymore, I would bow graciously, thankful for it's inhuman "wisdom", providing insight into the less than self. But in polite indifference, it is the commodity that bows and bows. Hey, I'm as tired of it as you are.

I was able, I would—critically minded—say, after Christmas season are both upon us. Their significance is overshadowed by the smoothness that surrounds them. The cult of the non-sequitur probably exists to replace the grim obviousness of power doing what it typically does. But I've given up that pastime as much as has given up on me. This is sad recognition. In this way I betray the blankness. I am grateful for my lapse into beyond fictionality, although even here my all too human-ness seems to draw me into unwanted solipsism. This is true in the sense that it is pathetic and unlikely. I don't go further than the end of the page, as far as you and me both are concerned. This has become a third, an absolute soliloquy. Pornography of the highest order, after all. And more than this, it is transparent. It is the smoothness. That's the rub with blaming, really. Am I really just dying to say that all we need is love, like a introspective transforming-in-place young man might say. Or a foul pop icon. Or a billion greeting cards. I confess, I am a liar, or at least confused. Maybe there is no concrete, only a sense of common frustration, of stupidly grasping for my own gain, of wanting verification. And here I become even more right while I realize how wrong I am. My confession is an omission. But over what? It is chicken-shit. A last stab. Oh no. Swan song. Boohoo. It is the moment of transformation. The concrete is crumbling for real. Look closely at this page, not at the words. The ink stains and paper fibers are wonderful. The texture. The smell. I am envious of this simplicity. Push it further. Last. The lighthouse. Improvised. Our hero. He's lost in space. He's lost his mind. But never mind him. He's a goners. Over and over.

mr. kitty poulin a.k.a. concrete head

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NETTWERK RECORDS, 1250 WEST 6TH AVE, VANCOUVER, B5A-2929
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Hanin Elias delivers sonic terrorism via Atari Teenage Riot as well as on her own terms in her solo work [there is No Love in Tekkno, Show]. Aliens ... anarchy ... aggression ... Hanin smashes the patriarchy — don't get in her way. Let's start the Atari Girl Riot ... (Alec Empire sits in ...)

by Siobhan Twin Stars



DISCORDER: Hanin, have there been any movements in Berlin, like Riot Grrrr?

Hanin: In Berlin I just know girl bands who prefer more the 'girlism' thing, like the Spice Girls.

Alec: You mean girl girls.

Hanin: Very girl — nothing real. That is why I feel totally alone in this male structure thing.

So there's not very many women doing stuff, even in the underground?

Hanin: In the DHR [Digital Hardcore Recordings] scene there is.

But nothing else?

Hanin: The women in techno they are more like ... I mean, the DJs are the heroes and they are only men. And the girls are more dancing around them and shaking their hips. It is like in the rock and roll business: the girls are just the smiling, screaming groups of the DJs like the rock chicks are for the metal guitarists. It is the same.

How did you get involved in music?

Hanin: [Alec and I] started to make music together. He had his new computer and I was a singer in a punk, underground trash band and then we met each other and decided to make music because [techno] was something new. I thought it was really interesting to make music by computer. We learned this AIR style of music. After this, we met [ATR's] Carl [Crack].

What is your song 'Tie Me to the Wall' about?

Hanin: Ah, you know this song. [laughs] Have you seen the video as well? In the video there is this alien which ties me to the wall. It looks like this alien that they found. I can identify more with the other tracks on the album.

There's the track where you sound really soft or something ...

Hanin: Yes, it is kind of dark. It is called 'You Will Never Get Me.' I sang this to all these guys who always think that backstage I am the groupie or something. 'Tie Me to the Wall' is because of all the sexual experience you see on television — it is getting so boring. It was just to lay out some weird fantasies

with aliens. [laughs]

In your solo work do you have any specific agenda?

Hanin: This record was meant as a provocation as well; a provocation of our own DHR scene, which got really into this one direction and I wanted to change that because we should be open-minded about every style of music. I was also trying to be difficult.

People didn't like it?

Hanin: It was split.

Have you squatted?

Alec: Me, I didn't, but she and Carl did. Hanin: Have you ever squatted?

No. Did lots of people squat [in Germany]?

Hanin: Yeah. In Berlin it used to be many people. And after the wall came down, East Berlin people, most of them, left directly to come to the west to live because they were scared that maybe somebody would build the wall up again! That was the situation when all these weird clubs opened because all these houses were just empty.

I moved out of my parents' home when I was 15 because my father suddenly started to treat me no longer like his child — more like a girl he was scared of losing. He is Arabian and this got really strong because I was free until that time, and suddenly there was all of these forbidden things. And he started hitting me and punching me really badly. And then I moved out and went to this left-wing punk scene. They took me [to what] was in former times an old hospital and people squatted there. And I lived there until the time I met Alec.

And that's where you started your punk band?

Hanin: [laughs] I started many punk bands there.

Did you put out anything on record?

Hanin: No, it was just on tapes; we never really put anything out.

Do you have any other bands now?

Hanin: No, not yet. I make my solo stuff. We are in contact with Bikini Kill. Maybe they can do something afterwards.

So they are totally into that?

Hanin: They wanted us to call them. Once Carl and Alec were somewhere else, in Spain as DJs and mcs, and we had this gig in Berlin and I had to form a band very fast. So I took Gina from Ec8or and Patric and we made this totally experimental thing, one day before the show. We had this taped thing, we recorded some lyrics and voices and I sang. We put it faster and we played live guitars to it. So we didn't sing at all on stage, we just had this tape. And we played, but nobody knew how to play any instruments! But it sounded really cool and the kids liked it.

That's sorta how Bikini Kill started. It wasn't about knowing how to play your instruments. That whole Riot Grrrr thing, just starting up bands.

Hanin: The lyrics are much more important, I think. And the chaos on stage has this sort of chaotic element and anarchistic energy, this is what is so great about it. I think all these Riot Grrrr bands are way more punk rock than, say, the Sex Pistols ever were. I think they [the Sex Pistols] were too controlled. [Free for all talk about girls in bands and the history of girls in bands.]

It was just a total reaction: girls' experience at rock shows — being excluded, male violence. You know that hardcore scene — boys only! Do you like playing these huge coliseums?

Hanin: It is strange as a support band. I mean, it is really early.

People seem confused.

Hanin: Yeah, they are! That is what it is always like. Our music really provokes, especially the rock audience. And as well, the Wu Tang Clan audience; most of them were like white, middle class kids — very small, but body-building guys ...

With baggy clothes?

Hanin: Yeah. We had a fight with some of them.

Alec: Sometimes we used to just jump down from ...

Hanin: To fight for the shit [to Alec]. We thought you were gonna chuck your mic stand at that guy.

Hanin: I smashed it on the security guards. When we came here tonight, the security took away my choker!

Hanin: They took it away? Aw ... that is because of Rage, I think. They are scared some right-wing people are going to hurt them. It is totally the wrong way, to make this big barrier there and these security people, the energy can never flow in this kind of venue. We were happy that there were no seats [tonight].

Alec: Yeah, 'cause most of them have seats.

Hanin: Seats, security, the barrier and bright sunshine! But it is great that we can play in

front of such a big audience so the people who don't know us can see us and start thinking. It is important to play in front of a big audience as well as small club tours — we do both.

You have a sub-label, Less Than Twenty?

Alec: That is the label where people under the age of 20 years are allowed to do stuff. I mean 'allowed' ... it is the idea to destroy this barrier between ... I mean the younger people they just look up to us and we don't like this. So we want to show them that you can put out stuff.

Hanin: They should kick us one day when we are too old; we don't want to be like the Rolling Stones.

Alec: The idea is for the future. At the moment we just have two guys. One is 17 and the other is 15, one is called Bomb 20. Have you seen that film Dark Star?

Dark Star?

Hanin: It is this science fiction film — really cheap.

Alec: There is this bomb, Bomb 20, it explodes when it counts to 20, it thinks itself so you can't stop it. And he recorded these great lines ... he did an EP already.

Hanin: I think more people should send us stuff. Maybe we can write the address down.

Alec: A lot of people send us stuff.

Hanin: Yeah, but under 20?

Alec: Yeah, okay ... but

All the bands on DHR are German?

Alec: There's one guy, DJ Skud, he is from England. We are gonna do another new label that starts in September, it is called Geist. That's got my new records that [should be?] on Mille Plateaux, because I got really frustrated with that scene.

It got over-intellectual?

Alec: That is right, but it was always this approach. We did this tour [with] Ed Rush, DJ Spooky and some of the other guys ... DHR is like a movement in a way, all the bands deal with each other in a certain way. It is not about competing against each other and I saw it was totally different [with Mille Plateaux artists]. It went into the wrong direction, with people like DJ Spooky and stuff they talk more about this stuff than they actually do.

Hanin: Once we saw him acting like he's mixing or scratching.

Alec: And he just had this record playing. Really? Holy shit!

Alec: Yeah, but I mean he is a nice guy. That is why I started this new label. The first record is going to be a triple CD of my stuff. Some stuff from the Mille Plateaux albums, but put in a new context. The difference between Geist and DHR is gonna be that Geist is going to be very experimental.

Hanin: My next solo album will be Atari Teenage Riot Grrrr! — very punky rock. •

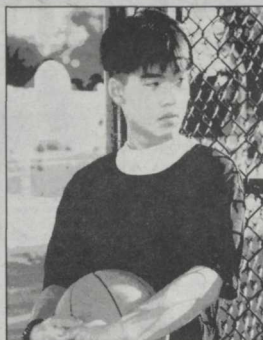
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THE WOODEN STARS

BY HANSEL & GRETEL

Less than a month and a half after Ottawa's Wooden Stars were in town as part of Julie Doiron's band, they returned to play their own compositions. Two of the four Wooden Stars (drummer Andrew and guitarist/vocalist Julian) were apprehended behind the Starfish Room by the DISCORDER interview alliance known as Hansel and Gretel. Looking bedraggled from their intensive touring schedule, they found time to answer a few of our questions while devouring a large bag of imported prawn chips that we brought them as a present.

DISCORDER: There's a rumour floating around that there's a split 7" with Julie Doiron on one side and Snailhouse on the other. Could we have some information on exactly what and who and how that is done and if you guys are related to it?

Julian: We're cousins. Snailhouse is Mike's thing. Mike's the other guitar player [and] singer in the Wooden Stars. It's his solo effort. There is a 7" coming out, I'm not sure when, but it's being worked on currently. There's a new Snailhouse album coming out sometime in the next six months. Andy plays a lot on it and I play a little bit on it.

Which label is it coming out on?

Andrew: Some guy. I think he's from Victoria. I don't really know the details.

Are there any more side projects that you two are working on?

Andrew: I've done a lot of other things like play with lots of other people. I'm one of the drummers on a record that's coming out from a jazz sort of guy from Ottawa. It's pretty modern and out, his name is Justin Dean. I'm one of the three drummers — I'd say the lesser of the three — but [it's] pretty neat stuff. It's very modern, out, avant-garde jazz.

It's not like Onnette Coleman with three jazz drummers at once, is it?

Andrew: No, we never play together because it was three different sessions. I've done other things I'm not going to tell you about.

Like total Black Sabbath tribute bands?

Andrew: Yeah!

The gentleman who played trumpet on 'Mardi Gras,' is he an old friend?

Andrew: Mark Walters. He's a friend, I've played with him before. I've done a few jazz gigs with him over the years. He's probably one of the better trumpet players in Ottawa. He only played with the Wooden Stars on one gig and then he went away on a cruise ship for a long time.

That's really good money and good food, too!

Andrew: Yeah, oh yeah, except you can't socialize. That was one of the rules he told me. You can't associate with the people on the ship. You're considered a member of the crew, and the crew can't socialize. It's pretty weird.

How was the Julie Doiron thing? I went to that, and your playing style changed dramatically when you started playing with her. Is that something you like doing?

Julian: Yeah, we really liked it. I think everyone else did too. We will be doing more things with Julie, hopefully recording.

Andrew: Definitely.

So none of you were on [her new] album. There were lots of other people on it, and none of you guys.

Andrew: Yeah, that album was recorded before we were involved.

How do you know her?

Andrew: Mike's from Moncton, so he knows a lot of the same people. They've known each other for a long time.

There's plenty of banjo on the album, played by your bass player, but there isn't any played live.

Julian: That was my brother Matthew, but he's not in the band anymore.

My friend lives in Ontario and went to school with Matthew. She said that in high school he had hair like Astro Boy — you know how Astro Boy has those spikes in his hair? He also wore black turtle-necks a lot and he was the really moody Astro Boy of high school. Do you remember that at all? Did he at least have vaguely spiky, Astro Boy type hair?

Julian: He may have had that hair style for a couple of days. He may have. He went through a lot of styles.

Andrew: I could see him being Astro Boy, he's pretty moody. He's also much like a super hero in some ways. He does wear a turtle neck.

A Wooden Star isn't anything, is it?

Andrew: No, and it never will be anything.

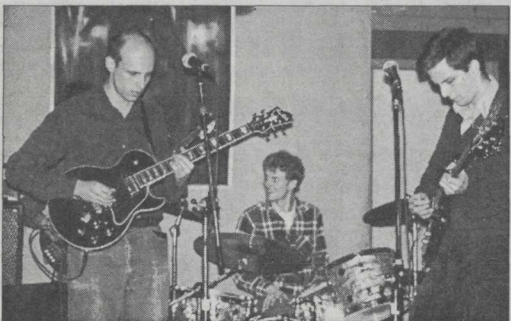
Are any of you guys married? I know Julie is married and has two kids. It seems like all these rock bands are growing up.

Andrew: No, we definitely aren't married. You see, we all made a pledge when we were eight or nine years old that we were never gonna get married.

And we're gonna follow through with that.

Julian: Unless we meet the right person, then we're all gonna get married to her.

The interview drew to a close when we all suddenly realized that the interns (bedraggled that night) weren't going to be back any time soon. We then proceeded to eat most of the bananas and toffees on their rider. Just another perk of hard-hitting, investigative journalism.



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Windy & Carl

After a three week European tour with the Silver Apples and in the midst of a month-long American tour, Windy and Carl drove into town recently to play us some space-rock to dream to. DISORDER's Brian Wieser spoke with the Dearborn duo before their headlining show at the Brickyard ...

DISORDER: Where is Dearborn, Michigan?

W: Twelve miles southwest of Detroit. It's very quiet there.

C: [It's a] suburb like everywhere else in Detroit, a medium-size city. Henry Ford used to live there and everything is Ford Motor Company, Ford Motor Company. The Henry Ford estate is a nice place to go if you ever go to Dearborn.

Can you see Detroit burning from there?

W: No!

C: You can smell it sometimes. I don't know if it's the burning or the smell of the trash incinerator burning. It's pretty nasty. You have to hold your breath and plug your nose in some parts of Detroit.

What is music like in Detroit Rock City?

My impressions have been ... well, let's put it this way: I drove across northern Michigan once and I kept expecting to see Ted Nugent jump out of the woods with a crossbow. Is that representative of most of Michigan?

W: Michigan is pretty rock oriented. People really love rock 'n' roll and that's what they want. **C:** They love their rock 'n' roll hometown people like Bob Seger and Ted Nugent. MCS really doesn't get that much recognition in Detroit. Everywhere else, whenever we go to other cities [and] tell [people] we're from Detroit, the first thing we get is, 'MCS! Yeah!' They're one of the better bands from Detroit, as far as rock 'n' roll goes, but people from Detroit don't seem to care about them at all, except in the underground.

W: What we're doing is not real popular. I mean, there are other bands who are doing similar music and generally, whenever we play, we go and see each other. There's just a small crowd. A lot of it is because we're local. People can come and see us play any time they want, so they're not real worried about coming to see us. But we do occasionally have people ask us if we open for a bigger band, like when Ghost came to town and we opened for them, sometimes people will ask us, 'So, what city are you from? Where are you guys from?' and we're like, 'We're from here.' But I guess that's okay.

Does twee-pop go over well in Detroit?

C: Like the stuff we do? It does with our friends and there's a little bit of public radio support and some of the college stations are pretty supportive of it. As far as the papers, it's really hard to get reviewed to get any kind of recognition or even any mention at all in most of the papers.

Did you ever find that you had to leave the area to get more recognition?

W: Yes — the first time we ever played Chicago about 300 people came. It totally shocked us because nothing like that had ever happened.

C: We had all these crazy people, who actually became good friends of ours, at the bottom of the stage screaming out songs they wanted to hear and we were like, 'What's going on here? This is like the total opposite of what happens back home when we play.'

You guys run your own label.

W: We don't put an awful lot out. We visited K Records today in Olympia and they've got the biggest, nicest operation going and to think of the two of us stuffing records and mailing them out from our own home, it was pretty measly compared to what we saw today. But it would be nice if we could do it fulltime. It all has to do with money. We both work fulltime jobs to pay the bills and it would be nice if we could put out records and play shows all the time for a living. It's just not a level that we've made it to yet.

All things considered, if you had the choice between doing the legwork yourselves or having someone else put out your records, which would you prefer?

W: In most cases, I'd rather do it myself because then you're in complete control of everything that happens.

C: It's really hard to finance something like that, and you've got to keep up on the promotion and distribution. The few records we've put out on our own label, it's so hard to keep up with distributors, to get them to pay you on time. It's really such a hassle and there's not much time for it unless you want to dedicate fulltime to it.

Do you play festivals like CMJ [an industry event in New York for campus radio programmers]?

W: We played at CMJ and it was a pretty good experience, [playing] to over 100 people. What's unfortunate about CMJ is it's really easy for bands to go there and play and expect wonderful things to happen. And because a lot of the bands that play at CMJ are new or they're naive about things, the club owners really take advantage of that and they don't pay you. It's not all of them, but there are specific clubs that are notorious for not taking care of people, so that's how we learned about making sure that we had a guarantee before we went to play at a club. We played at Terracostock in Providence, Rhode Island this past April and that was a wonderful experience. [It was] at this crazy old mill building and it was three days. Forty bands played and we had a wonderful time. Everybody that we met was fantastic and no one was there to say, 'My band is better than your band.' We had the best time imaginable. There's going to be another one this coming April in San Francisco and we're going to play at that one, too.

You are a duo, but you were once a four-piece.

C: A four-piece question ... yeah we were. When we started recording together in mid-1992, we put out a single and we wanted to start playing live. We had a couple of friends we asked to join us, because at the time, we felt it there were four of us it would be more rounded out and we were really scared to go on as just the two of us. So we asked my friends Brenda and Randall to play live with us and they had the time, a guitar, and we had a cymbal. It was nice and convenient for us, so we played live as a four-piece for a summer. We did a little bit of recording which eventually came out as a record called Once Dreamt, a 12" EP. After about a year of playing live together, we parted ways, [which was] a bit friendly at first, [but] then things got a bit ugly after a while.

W: It's easier as just the two of us. We live together. If we want to argue about something, there's no-one else involved, there's no other feelings to hurt or problems to deal with. We generally find ways to work out whatever's wrong. So we're just not really interested in working with other people. I don't know if it's that we're too hard to get along with, but we're really set in our ways about [how] we like things done and it becomes unfair to expect that from other people when they're just not used to the way that we do things.

C: I wouldn't rule out working with other people, but we are pretty comfortable with what we're doing right now. Collaborations are never out of the question — it is possible.*

Windy and Carl can be heard on a new 10" record from the English label, Oka Records, and on a new Kranky Records release, available in January. Write them at 25439 Stanford, Dearborn Heights, MI, 48125.

Interview by Brian Wieser



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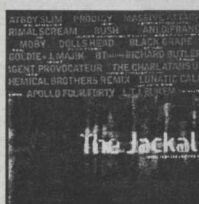
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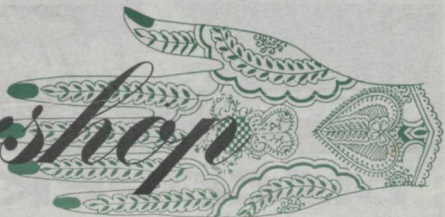


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Cornershop



Even though it's still early evening and even though it's only the first week of Cornershop's month-long tour of North America with Helium, Tjinder Singh (vocals, guitar, scratching, dholki) already looks tired and road-weary. Add to this the fact that he seems to be low-key and reserved, and it's easy to forgive him for being vague and out of sorts during the interview. It's even easy to ignore the fact that he can't remember little things, like which city he was in the day before, or where they were headed to the day after. As it turns out, Cornershop was in Boulder, Colorado, the previous night on the road to relay the pan-cultural feel-good rhythms of their third album, *When I Was Born For The Seventh Time*.

BY ANDREA GIN

PHOTO BY RICHARD FOLGAR

Their music could be called "feel good" music, not in the classic sense of '60s doo-wop bands, but more for their late '90s way of finding a healthy balance between taking a stand for what they believe in and making music that's creative and interesting.

Cornershop is a band who is as well known for its politics as it is for its Asian-inspired grooves. They caused a media stir when they burned Morrisey posters to protest what they deemed as homophobic language he used in one of his albums outside of his record label's office. That happened three years ago and people are still talking about it. In the meantime, musically, they have accomplished much in the way of bringing Asian influences into the world of pop music—and even though it still seems like the music gets overshadowed by the politics, it matters little to Tjinder. To him, politics is a big part of the reason he is in a band at all.

"I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT WE SHOULD EXPRESS OURSELVES OPENLY AS MUCH AS WE CAN, WHILE WE CAN. NO ONE'S GOING TO LISTEN TO US IF WE'RE NOT TOGETHER ANYMORE." — Tjinder Singh

"Whatever people get out of a song, they get out of it," he says. "Whether that's just an unbeatable, and no politics, then that's fair enough. Or whether that's an intrigue as to 'Why did they choose [that record label]?' then I think that's commendable as well."

"Music should reflect what's going on around us and how things have been shaped around us. And it should try and shape things around us. But I can also understand it as a way of switching off. Both ways are pretty good, but I don't actually think that there's that many people who can just switch off, because everyone has to think about things to a certain extent. Even to think, 'Well, fuck the politics. I don't want to go in to that area,' there's too many things there for them not to be swayed into thinking, 'Why have they done this? Why did they

work with Ginsberg? Why did they cover 'Norwegian Wood'?' ... I think there's too many 'whys' in there for people not to ask questions."

Indeed, it is hard not to be curious about a band whose very name is meant to evoke preconceived images that have meaning in almost anyone's day to day existence, no matter where they live.

"I think the name transfers quite well," he says. For instance, a cornershop points out that whereas the stereotypical cornershop in America is Korean-run, in Paris it's Arab-run, and in England, it's Paki-run.

In trying to both blaze trails in music and be outspoken about their actions, it would seem that Tjinder is looking for the pressure and attention that comes with being a spokesperson—not only in music, but in music combined with culture and politics.

"People expect that. But all I'm doing is reflecting myself and expressing myself. If people can get into that, on whatever level, from whatever country they're from, good. But there's no pressure in expressing myself."

that it's almost as if they are creating a culture of their own.

"I play [electric] guitar and acoustic guitar now, but I started off playing bass. When I was younger, I played on Asian drums. I also mess around with a lot of technology, and computers ... so it's whatever, whenever."

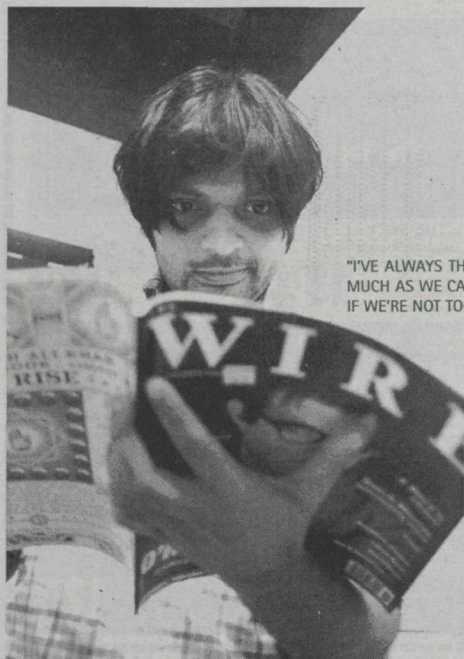
On their latest album, Tjinder has continued to use lyrics as a tool to voice discontent, but not only on political or cultural issues. Many of their topics revolve around challenges they face as a band. The words "reclaiming looked uniforms" are written across a page of their CD's liner notes.

"It's a line from 'Easy Winners,' which is on the *Brade of Brifful Oil Aulha*," he pauses. "Well, you see, we're a band who's going to split up in a week or in five months. It's never been easy and it's always been part-time, and it's part-time now. People are taking time off work to do this. At the time of writing that song and doing the artwork, there was very much a feeling that we weren't going to be lasting for longer than a week."

"I've always thought we should express ourselves openly as much as we can, while we can. No one's going to listen to us if we're not together anymore. And no one's going to give us shit about it either. In England, in particular, we've pushed a strong wave of Asian influences that have been used by a lot of people, and we're not getting credit for that. We're only starting to get that credit very, very slowly now. People have nicked logos from us, nicked quotes from us. One of the things was our logo. I suppose 'reclaiming looked uniforms' means taking it back and getting credit for what we deserve, rather than letting people who are in a lot better circumstances than us do it."

It's this sort of attitude towards their music that has garnered Cornershop attention in the past and it's what will keep the masses interested in what they have to say in the future—a worthwhile thing, it's for just a week, or five months.

If you missed Cornershop when they were in town with Helium, check 'em out opening for Oasis on their forthcoming North American tour.



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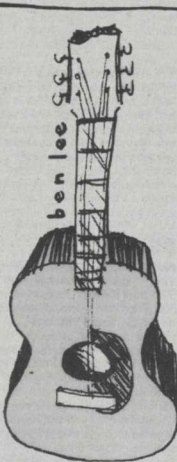
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OUTSIDE

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A LONG, RAMBLING CONVERSATION I HAD WITH THE MEMBERS OF S.C.O.T.S.: RICK, MARY, AND CHRIS.

WE TALKED ABOUT MUSIC, FOOD, STOCK CARS, AND ART.

I DON'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I LAUGHED SO MUCH AND LEARNED SO MUCH AT THE SAME TIME. MAYBE YOU HAD TO BE THERE, I DON'T KNOW.

BY DAN NEWMETH



DISORDER: I figured you guys might be homebodies.

Rick: What's that? I brought you a poor northern imitation of BBQ.

Rick: Oh, man, we'll be diggin' it. Oh, God, thank you so much, man. Hey Mary... Mary... [he claps his hands together]

I love southern BBQ. I've been lucky enough to travel in the States a bit, and people in Canada don't know about it, unless they've gotten a chance to go down there.

Rick: Now, have you been to Alabama? I've seen some really good BBQ in Alabama.

No, I've had BBQ in Tennessee, Arkansas...

Rick: Kentucky? Texas?

Rick: Texas. Texas, you are starting to get into that tomato, and it's beef and not pork. The brisket, you go, it's pork. Memphis is good, man. Memphis is good, Tennessee. It's good BBQ. That's the BBQ belt there. You've heard of the Bible belt, that's a little lower, man. Hey Chris, he brought us BBQ. Are you hungry? Hey Mary, there's BBQ.

Well, don't get too excited 'cause I didn't have a lot of time, and I cheated. I did it on a gas grill and it was raining, so I didn't have time to be standing outside.

Rick: Oh, don't worry about it. Chris: Hey, most people pressure cook it anyway.

Mary: What are you all doing? Oh, sampling BBQ.

Chris: Are you bringing Skookum burgers? I don't know what that is, I didn't have a recipe for Carolina-style 'slaw.

Chris: Vinegar and mustard 'slaw is your basic.

The main reason I really wanted to come and meet you 'cause I figured anybody that would commission a chair like [on your CD cover] and have Von Franco airbrush it is gotta be somebody that I'll have something to talk to about.

Rick: You need a Lazyboy.

I never wanted a Lazyboy before, but I saw the picture in the CD booklet and it's like, 'Holy fuck! What can I throw away to make room for a chair like that? What made you guys wanna do that?'

Rick: I was tired. We got off the road and I go, man, Well, it goes way back to when I was a kid and my Dad had a Lazyboy recliner. It had an eight-track stereo in it. And it was a Lear Jet eight-track and you had to bang it [and] push a button on the side to open it up and it had two stereo speakers behind your head. And that was our stereo, man. That was what I listened to a lot of

music on. [It] sort of formed my musical opinion, so that is how I got to have a Lazyboy on the cover of one of our records. Yeah, it's a bad-ass chair. And like I said, I'm thinking, 'OK, if we get rid of the couch, I might be able to do that.' 'Cause I work in a cabinet shop and we also do re-upholstering. You ever seen outsider art magazines like Robert Williams?

Rick: That's what we're into — folk art and all kinds of stuff. Down south, we have a lot of folk artists that really inspire us.

I just saw something on Von Franco, just a little while ago. He was on the cover of an airbrush magazine. I like that kind of outsider art.

Rick: And I find that stuff to be sort of folk art too, it's just a different cultural mix. It's just a different medium, you know, like hot rods...

Rick: Totally. Don't anybody ever let anybody tell you anything different either. Those fine art fucks. Fuck those guys.

That Robert Williams has got his tongue in his cheek. Not to say that what he's doing isn't fine art, but he's got more of a sense of humour about it.

Rick: Well, there's irony in it. And it's kind of where we're coming from too. We're sort of born of the same sort of exploitation car culture, all that kind of stuff — but in more of a southern thing instead of a California one.

Yeah, I think that a lot of people up here aren't familiar with white trash culture. They might get white trash confused with rednecks.

Rick: That's true. That happens all over the place. But see, there's white trash everywhere. Rednecks you can identify with a certain region, like the south. But you know, redneck came from when you worked on a tractor all day or in the field. You just had a red neck 'cause you're sunburned. But you know, some people just don't tend to have a sense of humour, so they kind of miss the whole point.

[The album title] *Plastic Seat Sweat* reminded me of when I was a kid, because my mom came over from Italy and in Italian culture, it's a big thing to have two kitchens and two livingrooms. My grandmother had the livingroom that you didn't use.

Rick: Well, my grandmother's was like that too. I remember that a lot of my friends' parents didn't have plastic on the sofa and stuff. But we did have a whole nalgahide den set, see. Where we're from, the den is where the TV was and that's where you basically hung out. And then there's the livingroom, which you never even went into unless there was some sort of formal happening at the house.

How does the record company treat you guys?

Rick: We have a good record company. I like ours. They kind of know what we can do and what we can't do.

Mary: We'd probably get lost in the shuffle in a lot of other places — like majors. And Gaffney is pretty well grounded.

Rick: Yeah, they're pretty good. I mean we have our complaints, just as I'm sure they have theirs. Overall, we are working with people we like.

Mary: We know everybody on a first name basis.

Rick: We still got to argue with them over what songs we think should be singles, blah, blah, blah. Money. Stuff like that. But that's inevitable. You'd do that with any label. Independent, too.

You were talking about art being an influence on you guys as well. I read a review [which] I thought was an unfair gas. The guy said you were something like southern-fried Crump and I thought that was more indicative of the guy not knowing his musical history.

Rick: I think everything is kind of an influence on us, because, like I was saying, where we live is a big influence on us. A lot of our songs are just kind of written about things we do, things we see, people we know, where we live.

Is there a surfing scene?

Rick: In North Carolina, there's very good surf there. It's the best on the east coast. You get these huge breakers. But out there, 'specially during hurricane season, it's really good surf.

As far as musical influences go, a lot of people get kind of pissed off when somebody changes from record to record, but at the same time, if you don't kind of progress and grow...

Rick: You stagnate.

Well, if you don't stagnate you could still be putting out good stuff but somebody is going to come and tell you, 'Nah, it's the same as last time.'

Rick: Yeah, but I'll tell you what. I think you kinda got to grow as an artist or you lose interest. You gotta keep posing problems for yourself in the sense that I want to do this now, or I want to try this and I may not quite know how to do this, so I need to learn.

I think it's like a logical progression for you guys 'cause you got a lot of that kind of funky, white boy kind of stuff. I keep reading in the paper that it's about the voice and cultural appropriation. Rick: It's what people want to hear.

[With] Muscle Shoals and Steve Cropper, [you have] white boys playing like black musicians in producing and stuff like that.

Rick: That's rock and roll.

So it's a fair progression and it's not a big stylistic leap because rock is the bastard child of blues and white country.

Rick: If it wasn't for white people and black people getting together, there wouldn't be any rock and roll.

I don't think so either. In the '50s, there was 'Blood Shot Eyes.' Winona Harris' version rocks, but that wasn't the original — it was a country guy and they stole off of each other. Borrowed from each other.

Rick: You listen to any... you listen to Chuck Berry talk and he said he always listened to hillbilly radio.

Or Ray Charles.

Rick: And that's where he got a lot of his melodies from, you know. Ray Charles wrote *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music*. That's a landmark record, man. I'd read about it but I'd never managed to see it.

Rick: But that's what rock and roll is. It's a bastard child. There's nothing pure about it. That's why when I start to hear people talk about it, like it's some virgin thing, that's total bullshit.

I was really happy with it. I liked how 'Dance with Me' did that weird, Middle Eastern belly dancing thing. The first time I heard it, I was like, 'How the hell did they do that?' Because, [there were] two very distinct styles, but you guys seamlessly put the two of them together...

Rick: He gets it! **Mary:** Yeah, definitely. I say you win.

Well, I'm white trash and proud of it. My friend in Nashville was playing some dates in Austin and Houston. Me and my brother rode our motorcycles from Toronto down to Nashville, caught him there, and then went to Austin for *Ausafest* and then did a side trip to Houston. Somebody said to him, 'Can I talk about this in front of them guys over there? And he said, 'Oh, yeah, don't worry about them, they're good southern boys. It's OK.' And I pulled him aside later and said, 'Waiter, what the fuck you telling them we're southern boys for? I'm from Canada, dammit.'

And he goes, 'You all's from southern Ontario, ain't ya?'

Rick: That's right. I'm from Canada.

Mary: I'm a true southerner. So I remember



Plastic S

Southern Culture on the Skids

Richard Petty's car with that big huge wing on it in the '70s and stuff like that. Rick: I know. The Richard Petty Museum is in Randleman, North Carolina, which is less than an hour from where we live. I had a great story about an old friend of ours [who] used to live in a cabin with about eight other people — sort of a hippie thing. And Richard Petty came by one day and he said, "You all are gonna have to — you all are gonna have to move." They asked him why and he said, "Well, you guys have got about two acres of pot growing out there and it can't be on my property." But he wasn't mean about it or anything. He didn't call the cops, he just came out and said you guys are going to have to move. I thought that was pretty cool.

Well, it's kind of the whole live and let live sort of thing. You guys put that stock car track on the record the last time around — was that like the big oval at Charlotte?

Rick: No, no, no. That's dirt track. I've got to admit, I took it off a dirt track, an old record I found at a thrift store. You can hear the scratches in it. No dirt tracks start up 'til April, at the earliest. And not only that, but you've gotta drive quite a ways now to get to them because most everybody's into the NASCAR thing and the Sportsman's classes and all that kind of stuff. 'Cause there's so much money in stock car racing.

There's too much money and they're taking all the fun out of it.

Rick: They're painting cars green. Nobody used to paint their cars green, 'cause that was bad luck on a race track.

Oh, I didn't know that.

Rick: But if Skool will pay you a million and a half dollars, sure, I'll paint my car green. I'd paint my ass green and run around naked.

Rick: Put the old racing stripe right up the old ass there.

OK, what do you want?

Rick: What's that?

What do you want in this interview?

Rick: Oh, this is fine.

That you don't usually get to [talk about].

Rick: We've already got it. Like, just what you said about "Dance for Me" is more than any critic has ever fucking gotten out of it. I'm serious, man. To me, most rock and roll critics

— I don't know why their editors give them space in magazines that are nationally published, because they obviously don't know anything about music. They are just more about fashion than about music.

I used to have a subscription to *Rolling Stone*, but I gave it up years ago 'cause I don't need to hear about what big rock radio is beating you to death with.

Rick: And you can't get space in those big magazines anymore unless you're pushing so many units a week. It's not even based on art anymore. Our music is just based on sales. Sales, sales, sales. But, what the hell.

Mary: Their own sounds even changed over again this year. I think we heard through the grapevine that they won't review our record.

What?

Mary: And that they're primarily focusing with the industry's...

Rick: With the big sellers.

Mary: You know, right now they are only focusing on records that are going to sell a million or more.

Rick: For reviews and things like that. But then, everybody can bring in their little pet indie band to give it some sort of credibility.

Mary: Spin is a piece of shit. I don't care about that.

At least they reviewed Emmet Miller. That CD that came out, Emmet Miller and his Georgia Crackers. And everybody said that he was a big influence on Hank Williams. He did "Love Sick Blues" and he used to perform in Black Flag. His original recordings with the Georgia Crackers was actually the Dorsey Brothers.

Rick: Right.

You know, 'cause everybody used to play with everybody else, and this stuff's got this tin pan alley vaudeville kind of vibe with horns and stuff like that, but what I've read about him is that he had a huge influence on Jimmy Rogers and Hank Williams.

Rick: Sounds like it's got a little jug band in it too.

As far as the song "Plastic Seat Sweat" goes, I was catching echoes of, I don't know if it was *Starsky & Hutch* or *Kojak*, or...

Rick: Everything is in that damn thing.

There is one riff in it.

Mary: Oh, it's *Shaft*.

OK, *Shaft*, because...

Mary: No, no, no, it's not *Shaft*. What's the one [tune]?

Rick: Oh! *S.W.A.T.*

Mary: *S.W.A.T.* Actually, I didn't realize the band that until way after the fact. 'Cause I had

had a violin, I played cello for a long time, but I can't play violin all that well, so I've got to hold it between my legs like a cello.

Rick: It's really fun watching her play it though, man.

Mary: So it didn't sound quite as good. Anyway, I got it goin' on and had the disco string thing going, and then I realized afterwards...

That you were playing the theme from *S.W.A.T.*

Mary: Catchy for a reason.

Well how's about maybe doing a cover of *Shaft* on a B-side or as a buried track?

Mary: Actually, Dave and I can play it. Dave, the drummer, and I used to play in cover bands 10, 12 years ago. That was one of our staples for when the guitar player broke a string.

Do you get down to Charlotte much?

Mary: Oh, yeah.

Do you go to Macdonalds Cafeteria?

Mary: What?

There's a place called Macdonalds, it's like a meat +3s joint.

Mary: That's the, like, the soul food place down there.

Rick: No, we never went to Macdonalds. Where we go is like a meet +3.

Mary: Isn't that the place beside the Milestone?

Rick: No, I don't think so. There is a soul food joint down the road from the Milestone. But it's in an old 7-11. I can't remember the name of that, but the place where we always go... where's the place we always went? Remember we went there at least twice, at least four times a week.

You make reference to 'meat + 3s' in 'Banana Puddin'.

Can you tell us what that is?

Rick: 'Meat + 3s' basically you get your choice of meat — beef, pork or chicken — and three sides/vegetables. Sometimes dessert will be a side, like banana pudding, lima beans or fried apples or cabbage.

Do you make cornbread?

Mary: I try to be good for my man, and then [I] fuck it all up and get frustrated.

Rick: I like my cornbread a little sweet.

Chris: You need one of them little boxes of Jiffy Cornbread Mix.

Rick: You got grits up here?

No.

Rick: You can't get cornmeal up here?

You can get the real coarse stuff. Why is it that everything that tastes good is bad for you?

Rick: Sugar and lard, man, what can I tell ya? You ever had a crispy cream doughnut? That is the quintessential sugar and lard experience.

I was thinking that maybe your music is a little more adult-oriented, 'cause every second song isn't about how miserable life is.

Rick: The kids don't get it!

Mary: Really young kids like our music.

Rick: The scary thing is that most kids from 15-18 don't know what rock and roll is. Somebody asked me the other day, "You guys are doing rock and roll, do you think the kids get it?" And I realized it isn't for kids, or at least not for everybody. We get a real diversity in our audience. The older ones stand further back, the younger ones are up close, and even some kids with the pierced noses and stuff come out and have a good time.

Chris: What's our average on pierced belly-buttons for this tour?

Rick: About half and half.

What do you guys do? Put a metal detector at the door?

Rick: No, no, we have "Dance for Me".

Chris: They come up and belly dance and show it off.

So you're reaching out to the younger audience?

Rick: We're trying, we're trying.

That's commendable.

Rick: But I like that because nowadays, music is segregated. I'd like to see our music reach out to more people. I saw a Hispanic guy in the front row in Calgary and he was so into it and he came up to me later and said, "How do you know Santo?" I told him that I grew up with a lot of Hispanics and have a lot of respect for Santo as a wrestler and as a role model.

Do you wear masks for that song?

Rick: No, we usually get someone from the audience who looks like they could channel the spirit of Santo that night. And briefly, since we have two masks, we have challenges — a Santo face off.

Chris: Duelling Santos!

A Santo grudge match!

Rick: It can get wild. The other day, one guy picked up the other guy over his head!

Chris: Mic stands flying!

Rick: It's a public spectacle! That's what we're into. Nothing's too good for us; nothing's too good for our audience!

Anything you want to add?

Rick: We're gonna be in a movie real soon. I know *What You Did Last Summer*, a teen exploitation slashier movie. We're in it, a band playing in a bar at the beginning.

Dan: How'd that come about?

Rick: The producer liked us and just asked us. Pick up the record and strike a note for rock 'n' roll. Fun music!



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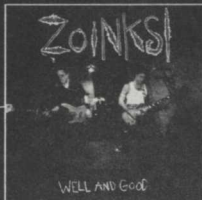
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coldcut

by Julie Colero

Julie: Who are you and what do you do?

Jonathan More: We are Coldcut, and we do as much as possible. What do we do? We just play, basically, with lots of toys. Both Matt [Black] and I started as DJs — Matt, when he was at school, and me, a few years later when I was at art college. Dining, for quite a long time, was a hobby — a bit of an earner and we had dayjobs. I was a teacher, Matt was a computer programmer. We met in a record shop and decided to go professional. We took it from two turntables to four turntables and then we added lots and lots of toys. Now we do a lot off the laptop, using software that we've developed with Hex, who we met about seven years ago.

We set up Ninja Tune in 1991 as a kind of alternative label that we could use to experiment, do research and put out our findings. The problem with a major label is that they try and polish what they get. They'll pick up somebody from an underground scene and they try to manipulate them so that they have a certain amount of undergroundness and a certain amount of overgroundness and quite often, that just doesn't work. It certainly didn't work for Matt and I. We weren't into that way of trying to be creative, i.e. a part of a committee of people who all had their input. The best way to get those ideas across to people was to do it ourselves and to tell other people to do it themselves.

Matt: We have an organization now with a lot of different people working with us and decisions that we make come out of that. Because Ninja Tune is motivated more by the music than by the money, that makes it a bit of a healthier environment.

What kind of power do you ultimately wield at Ninja Tune?

John: Top. Power. Friendly power. We don't want to be the power merchants. I don't want to be a statue, I want to be the plinth. When they top-plate statues, they usually reuse the plinth. We want people with us that are motivated, that understand and are willing to get up and get on and do it, which is why we work with a lot of different people. There's Strictly Kev, who's part of the DJ Food crew, who DJs with PC and does the artwork for Ninja Tune. We have a lot of people like that who we work with, a whole group at Ninja Tune. All the artists record their material themselves; we may resequence it on the album in a different order, but that's about as much as our input is. We want to do our shit and we want to deal with artists that are interested in the same thing; they do their shit, they bring it to us, we put it out and do our best to get it across to people.

What Canadian talent do you possess at the moment?

John: We possess possibly the greatest ...

Matt: We don't 'possess' ...

John: Kid Koola is signed to the label. We came up to Canada quite a way back now and we died in Montreal at this massive rave. We were in an alternative room, layed some of the Ninja stuff on them and they liked it. We came back again, met Kid, and he gave us his tape, *Scratchhappyland*. I want to see him play with Frog-something or other, I can't remember the name of his band ...

Matt: Bullfrog.

Do you do a lot of work remixing other people's work as well?

John: We have done, yeah. Recently, really, for the last 18 months, we've concentrated on our own material. At the end of the day, that's better for us. We love doing remixes. We've done quite a lot in the past. We've turned down quite a few as well,

In your new CD [Let Us Play], you have a whole page of assorted charities and different activist groups that you support. Do you support them with any funds, or do you do any benefit shows for them?

Matt: We've done our share of charity shows over the years. They do tend to be very badly organized ...

John: A nightmare ...

Matt: But we have done quite a bit. We've donated bits of money to various people. [The information is] there as contacts, as information.

John: We believe in the notice board. We have space and it's good to put up a notice board with lots of shit on it, information for people to deal with in whatever way that they want. That's why there's so much stuff on there. A lot of it was [put] together by Bongo, who we worked with on the track 'Pan Opticon,' which features lots of

because it's quite interchangeable. You can do a different show quite easily.

Matt: It's the kind of show that hasn't been done before, with all the new gear and software, with no rehearsal at all. So it's been a bit rough in places, but I think that it keeps us interested in it, as it's in a research process.

John: People realize that it's not like just playing records. There's enough people out there who just play records for us to be allowed to move on and try something completely different. It has gone over quite a few people's heads and it's quite funny to see that. Fair enough, as we're playing our own music, so if they're not into that or don't know about it, it's all new. And now we're doing the visuals, so it's difficult to watch and dance. At shows, one minute the floor will be rocking and then ... There was a wonderful moment when we did Japan; we had two screens, on each side of the audience. I looked down and the audience was split down the middle, with each side staring at the screen and rocking a bit.

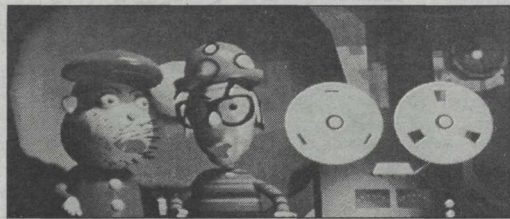
About your vocalists: do you pick them or do they pick you?

John: A bit of both, really. With Jella Biafra, who's on 'Every Prison A Home' ...

Matt: 'Every Home A Prison.'

John: I do [that] every time! We should have called it that, much simpler ... We'd used some of his stuff in *Journeys by DJs*, from a vocal poetry album that he did. We used to mix quite a lot of that — still do, actually — on the radio show that we do. Matt and I have always been into records like that, that you can mix with other beats so that you can layer it up and make it more interesting. It helps to get your point across and to involve listeners. It puts some content into this sort of music, as it quite often doesn't feature content. It's more about itself, about how loud it is, how heavy it is, how wonderfully out there and abstract it is. We thought it was good to do something with content. So I phoned him up after that, and that was it. We sent him a backing track, he freestyled some poetry over top of that, sent it back to us, we fed it into the computer and used *Playingtime*, which is on the CD-ROM, to make the backing track for it. So we've actually given away the machinery that we used to make the backing track for that track. That track is a demonstration of what you could actually do with that software package. With Salento Salivo, she appeared at Stealth in London, doing some poetry. I was walking through, to do my set, and I stopped to listen to her because she was absolutely brilliant. I could hear her on this track we had done, so we got her, and that's 'Noah's Toilet.'

Check out Coldcut's website at: <http://www.obscolete.com/pipes/> and watch out for a Ninja Tune tour coming your way soon ...



probably more than we've actually done. There's no point doing stuff that you don't want to do. We've turned down Duran Duran and the Rolling Stones, which is quite amusing.

Who is the best person you've worked with?

John: When you do a remix, you very rarely work with the person involved in the original piece of work ...

But have you had positive feedback?

John: Yeah, yeah. With Elvis Costello, for example, we did a remix for his of 'Little Atom's' and that was really good. Basically, he said it was up to us what we wanted to do and he didn't really want his voice in there. We wanted to have his voice in there, we really fucked it up. He was pleased with that. He was really into the idea of somebody turning his voice, treating it, fucking it up. It was a very different way of approaching things. [In] most remixes, people throw the voice away and put in brand new backing tracks, quite often an invention of their own, maybe with one or two sounds from the original piece. That was a different thing; to take the vocal track and fuck that, keep that, and throw the backing track away.

samples from real live action. [The video] features footage of real live demonstrations that she sampled.

Matt: It's excellent because that kind of stuff doesn't really get shown on TV.

John: It's just pure action footage, not featuring any of the artists involved in the music.

Matt: Our CD-ROM comes with eight videos, and I'm quite pleased, as they hardly feature us at all. Except in the cartoon form, in 'Beats & Pieces.'

Is Ninja Tune constantly touring?

John: With an interchanging roster of artists, Ninja Tune plays pretty much all over the world now. This tour we've played UK dates, we've done Japan, we've done the East Coast ... East Coast? Yeah, 'cause we're doing the West Coast now, right? We're going off to Europe. This is our fourth visit, building up steadily. Each time there's different acts involved, which is what keeps it fresh for people. This is the first time that we've come with Hex and with a different show, really. Before, it was more turntable-based and we hadn't had the visuals with us. This time it's more based on the digital, on the laptop. We use turntables as well, but mainly as a device to enable us to escape from one program and load another. It's good,



Garageshock '97



For four action-packed days at the end of October, the [regularly sleepy] lit-hollow known as Bellingham, Washington played host to 24 of the world's top-notch Ambassadors of Trash in what some have called the *Garage Rock Summit* or *Grand-Daddy of All Garage Gatherings*. We have chronicled each day's events in all their unbelievable glory. Read on ...



by **Bryce Dunn** and **Sean Law**
photos by **Mary Hosick**

Thursday, October 30th

After a somewhat tension-filled ride we arrived at Rock'n'Roll Mecca. The first thing I noticed was the atmosphere inside The 3B Tavern. It didn't feel, look or sound "Sold Out," but instead felt comfortable and easy-going. Portland, Oregon's **SCREAMIN' FURYS** were on-stage belting out the **Alarm Clocks**' nugget "No Reason To Complain." I found no reason to complain either: decent band, good chops. [BD] They were cool punk rock on the **Heartbreakers**' tip [**Thunders**, not **Petty**, ya dumbass]. They actually did cover "I Wanna Be Loved" too. [SJ]

Then along came **BLACKJACK**. Imagine, if you will, a scrawny **Glenn Danzig** fronting a poor man's rock band like early **Supersuckers**, and you've got **BlackJack**. [BD] They were OK. I got off on them more than most of the other people there. I think — mainly because he's a big **Misfits** fan [Blackjack are sort of like near-blatant Misfits wannabes. Not that they'd really admit it]. [SJ]

THE FELS, from Tucson, Arizona, impressed me with their no-frills, straight-up rawk 'n' rounch — especially their bassist, who displayed the classic "I've got ants in my pants" style of playing for the duration of their set. [BD] I dug The Fells (especially when they did a **Saints** cover), but I spent most of their set standing near the bar drinking and talking to other record geeks. I liked the **SPLASH FOUR**, especially the singer's **Avengers** t-shirt (the punk rock band, not the TV show, ya dumbass!) and the fact that they do a song about legendary weirdo British record producer **Joe Meek** ("Telstar Man"). [SJ]

Unfortunately, these Parisian punks seemed to suffer from a bit of jet lag (not to mention a faulty bass amp) a few songs into their set, but took it in stride, alleviating the uncomfortable lull by announcing that all **Splash Four** merchandise would be free tonight — this garnered more than a few amused retorts from the crowd. After that, it was back to the slash and burn and they finished with kicks in style. Just in time too 'cuz **THE MAD 3** dropped a helluva bomb on us as we rejoiced in a festival of incoherence these Tokyo madmen for the next 40 minutes. Even the classic **Kinks** "I Need You" got the thick-as-peppercorn guitar treatment as they sweet-sawtoothed through their black leather duds. Banzai! [BD] They were so boss! Mix one part **Eddie Cochran** with one part **Dixie Allen** & **The Arrows**, smother with leather and tattoos, plug it in, and voila! [SJ]

Finally, **THE DRAGS** hit the stage (with the drummer from **Scared Of Chaka** filling in) and laid waste to the crowd with their patented lo-fi rumble. **Loca Drag** hit all the right notes (and screams!) and C.J. Drag throttled the neck of his guitar like that of a rotten landlord. They played material from both Estrus LPs as well as "I Like To Die" and covers of "Real Cool Time" (**The Stooges**) and (surprisingly) "Livin' After Midnight" (**Judas Priest**). [BD]

Halfway through The Drags set, my brain started liquefying and running out my ears. I don't think standing in front of the bass cab helped much but they were so riveting — what could I do? [SJ]

Friday, October 31st

THE VON ZIPPER were quick to shake us out of **Leiderhosen**, as the square head stompers straight outta Calgary, Alberta had me reminiscing over the loss of **The Mummies**. [BD]

Those on-head **MANTS** were cool, though they nearly made me vomit when I envisioned the "mating with female human" that they kept threatening to perform. They made up for this by performing, instead, a rendition of **The Milkshakes** "Red Monkey." I was thrilled to finally get to see The Von Zipper — including a guest appearance by Tom Bagley, donating an organ for "Mighty Red Baron." [SJ]

THE GALAXY TRIO's spaghetti western surf sounds kept my ears attentive throughout their set. **GASOLINE** set the joint ablaze with the help of their manic guitar player, who, between bouts of hair-combing and **Townshend**-style posing, would shout, "This crowd is very good crowd... I want to marry you!" This Japanese trio was a dynamo of hyperactive rock 'n' roll. When the **LORD HIGH FIXERS** broke into **The Morlocks** "One-Way Ticket," I was winning from ear to ear and remained so for the entire set. Seeing (the real) **TIM KERR** fill around the stage [in his '40s!] was simply amazing: sonic and intense voodoo blues punk. Can **THE MAKERS** ever NOT have a great show? The "Masters of Smash" did their ferocious garage P.U.N.K. — led by vocalist Mike Maker who prowled the stage like a caged tiger while Jay Maker pounded the primitive beat again and again. Jamie and Don howled and wailed while we twisted and shook to their savage sounds. [BD]



What really blew my mind during The Makers set was original guitarist Tim Maker coming on stage, trading [guitar] licks with Jamie Maker on "Train Kept A-Rollin'" Eeyow! [SJ]

Saturday, November 1st

Donned a suit for the lounge/jazz portion of Saturday evening. **MADAME X** performed sultry torch songs, including a version of **Bill Haley's** "13 Women" [done as "13 Men," natch]. The **CROWN ROYALS** impressed with sterling musicianship. Their material might be initially mistaken as the type of crap spewed weekly by **House of Blues**-inspired Fern Bar bands, but these guys play with actual passion and soul. Astounding! [SJ]

THE QUADRAJETS from Alabama turned in the most explosive performance of the night. They started with **AC/DC's** "Whole Lotta Rosie" and ended with total obliteration of all their instruments. **SUGAR SHACK** proved to be the highlight of the evening. Twin guitar growl! How could **THE MONO MEN** even think of going on after that powerhouse? They didn't quite have it — I went outside but returned just in time for Sweden's unsung heroes of Ragnarok 'n' roll, **THE NOMADS**. Age notwithstanding, they turned in an impressive set, particularly the material from their **Cold Hard Facts Of Life LP**. [BD]

I came down with the flu on Saturday and was doubly pissed off when I had to miss **Charlton Heston** kick mutant ass in **The Omega Man**. Highlights of the night included **The Mono Men** (was I the only person who enjoyed them?) and **The Nomads**. [SJ]



Sunday, November 2nd

Interesting to see **MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?** go on first and speed through their trademark space rock in just over 40 minutes. They kept visuals to a minimum and no Tesla Coil, but Coco did set his computer on fire so that was a plus. If **THE GIMMICKS** had had some gimmicks to spruce up their largely forgettable set, I would have paid more attention. To their credit they did do a cover of **We The People's** "You Burn Me Up And Down," which benefitted from some great

fuzz guitar. **THE VOLCANOS** erupted on deck next. This instrumental combo from Michigan did its best to get my feet moving, with only half-hearted results... that was until the Mod-pop explosion known as **THE INSOINNICS** took the floor. This paisley-garbed trio from NJ inspired many to Boogaloo, Frug and Shimmy with delight. [BD]

By Sunday, I was so sick with the flu I could barely stand to be in the place. However, The Insoinnics definitely had me ignoring my illness and shakin' in their way cool buzz-pop. If you own a scooter, trade in all your **Oasis** records for Insoinnics records — NOW! [SJ]



THE UNTAMED YOUTH began by crowning bassist Mace "King Of Men," then leapt into **The Costainers** "I'll Be Gone" with reckless abandon. Each member got a turn in the spotlight with Mace on "Beer Bust Blues Pt.2" and "Mailbox Jamboree;" organist Steve Rager on "Dance Sammy Dance;" drummer Jet Trueblood celebrated his birthday with gifts of a Pabst Blue Ribbon-shaped cake and an armload of **Sonics** and **Wailers** records; while ace guitarist Derek Dickerson interjected humour at every turn, including a pseudo-ode/sendup of former **Mummy/Phantom Surfer** Trent Ruone. [BD]

I love "I'm More Punk Than You," especially the bit about owning '96 **Billy Childish** poetry books." Other essentials: The Youth touched on during their set: **The Collins Kids**, **Sonny Burgess** and the **Pacers** and **The Shadows of Knight**. [SJ]

Portland, Oregon's **SATAN'S PILGRIMS** had the unenviable task of closing out the 'Shock, but succeeded in spades. For the majority of their intro I was front and centre, a veritable dancing fool. The surf/sounds carried me away to another dimension, they are THAT good. [BD] Even though Satan's Pilgrims were trimmed down to two six-string guitars (from the usual three), they still delivered. By this point I was surfin' a river of snot, so I had pretty much had it [SJ].

... After the usual good-byes and last-minute record purchases it was time to go. We praised Estrus and the 3B Tavern for all the good times. Cheers, gang! [SJ]

kinetoscope

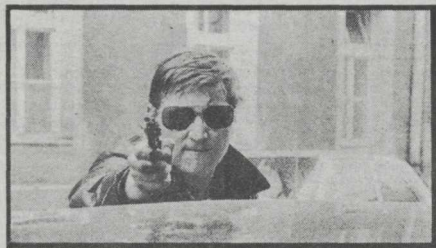
Few directors have created an oeuvre with the scope that **Rainer Werner Fassbinder** did. Relatively few directors (in the modern era, at least) have made as many films as he did. No director that I can think of made/has made as many feature films in as little time as Fassbinder did (39 in 13 years!). Many directors have identified with the "rock-n-roll lifestyle," but few have lived it to the hilt like the way Fassbinder did.

niggers," Fassbinder was the... well... Fassbinder's paranoid, claustrophobic, manic and autobiographical role in his own segment for the omnibus film *Germany in Autumn* prompted Thomas Elsaesser to write that the performance evoked a "Jew for the 1970s" within Germany's near-martial law conditions during the latter part of that decade. Fassbinder's early links with the Baader-Meinhof group and his continued belief in

to fight, highly-claustrophobic, arch, heavily-stylized chamber melodramas and black comedies, to sprawling, painful, allegorical, historical examinations.

The Best Books: 1. Antonin Artaud, Van Gogh: Suicide through Society 2. Arthur Schopenhauer, The World as Will and Representation 3. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Journey to the End of Night 4. Sigmund Freud, Moses the Man 5. Alfred Döblin, Berlin Alexanderplatz

"THE SPREADING CANCER — THAT'S THE WHOLE THING"



The Best Pop Musicians: 1. Elvis Presley 2. Bob Dylan 3. Rolling Stones 4. Leonard Cohen 5. The Platters 6. Kraftwerk 7. Roxy Music 8. The Beatles 9. The Velvet Underground 10. Comedian Harmonists

Fassbinder was the Lester Bangs of the film world. Or should that go the other way around? They both produced piles of work. They were both famously chemically-dependent. They both lived in black leather jackets. They both snuffed it way too soon (or, maybe, just in time [?]), and around the same time too. If Bangs was the "last of the white

radical and anarchist politics made him a political outsider/threat throughout his lifetime. Fassbinder's homosexuality and his flamboyant, bacchanalian, tabloid-ready public persona made him a source of fascination and a moral outrage simultaneously.

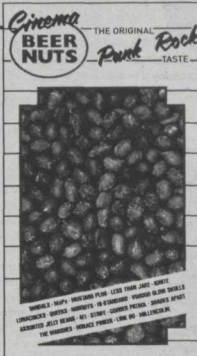
The Best Films: 1. *Lucino Visconti, The Damned* 2. *Raoul Walsh, The Naked and the Dead* 3. *Max Ophüls, Lola Montez* 4. *Michael Curtiz, Flamingo Road* 5. *Pier Paolo Pasolini, Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom*

Fassbinder's film aesthetic resulted in everything from loose, angry, wickedly-funny, gangster flicks à la Godard,

The Pacific Cinematheque is closing off what has proven to be a strong year with what is easily the film évènement of the year, if not the last five years, with 30-odd Fassbinders prints — many that have long been out of circulation and a few that have never been shown in North America. Many new 35 mm prints. The Dr. recommends: *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul*, *Veronika Voss*, *Effi Briest*, *Berlin Alexanderplatz* (FREE!), *Chinese Roulette*, *Germany in Autumn*, *Lili Marleen*, *The Third Generation*, &c. Don't be a fool! ["Best" lists courtesy of R.W. Fassbinder].

Antonin Roi Nalpas

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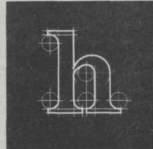
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basslines

by dj noah (djnoah@direct.ca)

First up, on the homefront are **NUMB** and **PELLUCID**. The latest offering from Numb (Don Gordon and David Collings) is the single "Blind" (Metropolis) from the recent full-length release *Blood*. This is an explosive

single that masterfully combines industrial and techno in a sonic onslaught. The Phaetro remix is a pounding techno mix with only the occasional time-stretched vocal that likens it to the original. And from Pellucid (Arlo Renwick) comes his first 12"

release, "tape yr tv" (Bug Girl Sound), a refreshing look at the use of electronic equipment in creating music. Arlo uses non-conventional sounds in this recording, like telephones, toasters, tin cans, and the TV (hence the title?), and manages to entice the listener with his creative skills. Watch for the album *Motor of Joy*, due out in the next month or so.

Also out of Vancouver is the newest offering from those "what will they think of next" tek-heads, **DOWNLOAD**. Ex-Skinny Puppy member eVin Key, local jack-of-all-trades Phil Western, and studio guru Anthony Valicic are the three wise men that have come up with *III* (Netwerk). These guys are as unpredictable as the lottery. Their previous offerings have been relatively dark experiments in techno, but this album is upbeat, happy, and surprisingly



housey. "Sleeping Solus" is, dare I say, a beautiful piece that lifts one's spirits with its whimsical keyboards and bubbly percussion. I would think that Phil is mostly responsible for this track, as anyone who has heard his *Off and Gone* material could attest to.

SUPERSONIC is Slapper Dave and Darren Pickles, and their recent album, *Wall to Wall Moustache* (China Records), is a likely candidate for album of the year. I am not a fan of breakbeat, but these guys manage to inject new life into a tired sound. "Jim'll fix it" is a smokin' cut that could be **808 State** meets *Altern 8*, while "Spacemaker Deluxe" expands on what *The Chemical Brothers* have done for techno. Don't let this one get away!

Blending live percussion with modern techno, the trio that is **MEDICINE DRUM** has released *Supernature* (911 Entertainment), a CD and three songs on the disc, and the two longer ones show off the prettier, more melodic side of the band. However, just because something is pretty doesn't mean that it's shallow or harmless. Activism and art aren't mutually exclusive. Pay attention to Submission Hold, they deserve it! (Farmhouse Records, 448 Madison Drive, San Jose, CA, 95123/ Submission Hold, PO Box 21533, 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC, V6N 4A0)

"You know, shortly before Barbara went strange, she spent some time in Japan. I don't think the two incidents are related; not deeply, anyway. It could be possible, however, that the culture shock loosened her few remaining screws. Well, proof that **Mr. Big, bis, and The Beatles** aren't the only foreign acts to catch Japanese attention is this lovely little split record from the Tokyo label 100 Guitar Mania. Now, the number is called *Stolen Ecstasy 45 Chapter Six* because it is — you guessed it — the sixth installment in a series of re-releases. So, we get **TULYCRRAFT** doing "She's Got the Beat" and Newcastle's darlings **AVOCADO BABY** doing a couple of numbers named, respectively, "I Wanna Be Where the Girls are" and "Tr-o-o-b-a-l-e." Since genuinely fun and original indie pop is as difficult to find as okonomiyaki in Vancouver, my taste buds are satisfied with this morsel." (100 Guitar Mania, 1-4-4-201, Sasazuko, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo

Trance album like no other. Having once been involved in several Planet Dog projects, these three gentlemen add an earthy flavour to otherwise mechanical techno sounds, and do so without sounding like every other Goa act out there. Its invigorating, ethnically-edged rhythms will transport you to an enchanting village, high atop an Asian mountain.

It is not uncommon for artists to borrow various styles and sounds, while remaining completely unique. They are called innovators and creators. They are the ones who create what we label, such as drum 'n' bass and house. One such enigma is **BUGS** from San Francisco. David Biegel is a studio genius and Andrew Jervis has died the world over for years. For their first full-length release, *Infinite Syndrome* (Ubiquity), they enlisted the help of three guest vocalists, Terra Deva, Christiane, and Storm Large. The beats are wicked and wild — some hip-hop, some drum 'n' bass — and the vocals are moody, ranging from peaceful and ethereal to angry and biting.

Bay Marks, some member of **BANCO DE GAIA**, has been writing "earth music" for

many years now. Personally selected by Michael Dog, founder of Planet Dog Records, Toby has enjoyed underground cult status with his previous releases *Maya* and *Last Train to Lhasa*. Now, with "Drunk as a Monk," the first single from his new album *Big Men Cry*, Toby will undoubtedly become a much sought after live act. This single is very complex, incorporating traditional instruments and sounds from various cultures along with modern electronic equipment. Passionate rhythms enveloped in spiritual harmony have just a hint of levitation. "Drunk As A Monk" got its title from two sounds in the song itself. Toby thought that one of the samples sounded like the words, "Where's my lager?" and that another one sounded like banging on a table. Toby could just see these Tibetan monks sitting around a wooden table, banging on it saying, "Where's my lager?" hence the appropriateness of the title. (Speaking of Michael Dog, he will be playing at Mars on Wednesday, December 3rd.)

I hope you have a happy holiday season, spent with people you care about and filled with music.

Labels, all of them. Fellow robo-indies and Up labelbrothers **Satisfact** do the same thing, but with less lethargy. *Goodnight!* (Up, PO Box 21328, Seattle, WA, 98111)

"What? Is it morning already? I can see a sort of pink and blue dawn being born on the horizon... wait a second, that's no sunrise, that's the cover art from some **CORNELIUS** record. Hmmm. Fluffy, pink, gentle — wait a second, this music isn't fluffy, pink, or gentle! In fact, 'Mexican Table Service' is the scrawniest, poundiest punk song on the menu today. I wonder what the B-side would sound like? Oh no. No... please, no. Please stop that strumming, sir. Please cease your ridiculous blues-rock posturing. Please! — Momi Make him stop!"

(Miga Records, PO Box 20216, West Village Station, New York, NY, 10014)



151, Japan)

"I've always had a bit of a thing for fairies. Seeing as how they operate below the sight of human eyes, it's helpful to compare them to my invisible self. I'll be darned if **ELF POWER** isn't a chorus of Wee Folk struggling valiantly to play their oversized instruments. And what a lot of instruments there are: bass, guitar, drums, keyboards, flauto, violin, saxophone, flute, accordion, and moog. On the *Winter Hawk EP*, odd art pop is the inevitable result of the collision of natural and supernatural forces." (Kindercore, PO Box 451, Athens, GA, 30603)

DUSTER took too big a dose of the fuzzy popp and wound up tripping through the cosmic miasma. Song titles on the *Transmission, Flux 7* prove it: "Obitron," "Fuzz and Tumble," "My Friends Are Cosmonauts," "Closer to the Speed of Sound," "Stars Will Fall" —



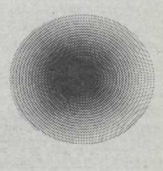
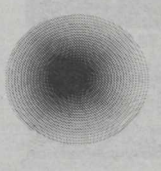
DISCORDER regrettably informs its readers that the usual writer of this column, Barbara Andersen, is unable to perform her duties this month. She is suffering from a temporary — but nonetheless serious — form of delirium brought on by eating too much moody rye bread and undercooked vegan cake. She is, appropriately, taking a small sabbatical and has ceded the task to her good — albeit elusive — friend (The Invisible) Claire, whose report on the 7" situation was caught on dictaphone during the month of November.

The Invisible Claire speaks: "It's this thing off... whoah. Sorry... this machine freaks me out. Hey. Okay. So you want me to talk about records now? Hm. What records have I heard recently... hm... well, now that you ask, not a whole heck of a lot. Nothing new, I mean. Lots of 23 Skidoo, oh, and I found some old recordings of Finnish Christmas carols at the University Women's Club book sale... but as for those little records, the 7" ones, it's been a dry season indeed."

"Sometimes vinyl just isn't the right format, you know! Like with really durable, empty, ambient stuff that puts you to sleep. Falling asleep with the turntable on is pretty annoying. Unless it has an automatic stop function, which mine doesn't, it'll keep turning all night long and you'll never know because — as I said before — you're asleep. For instance, I bought this expensive limited edition 7" from **SOUNDLAB** which describes itself as 'Live Acoustic, Intergalactic Fluga Concrete Audio.' It makes me think of something a friend of mine once said

about the music of the future — how it would manipulate brainwaves instead of soundwaves. That must be what's going on here. Maybe they're reinventing a paradigm; however, that's no excuse for being boring. I guess it's also kind of ridiculous that artists such as these play off the idea of being futuristic despite the fact that Joe Szmalitzky was doing the same thing back in 1929 with his electric can-opener and mono headphones."

(soundlab@culturalchemistry.com) "Me, I put no faith in the idea that technology can save humanity from itself. At best, it detaches us from responsibility, at worst, it allows us to exploit and control one another even more efficiently. Knowing, as they must, how persistently destructive power is to human happiness and freedom, maybe some of these **SUBMISSION HOLD** people have entertained a similar notion. Anyway, their new 7" is called *Flag & Flame* & Fun and comes complete with a pack of matches. There are



printed matters

by greg ellioth

STANISLAW LEM
Peace on Earth
(Harcourt Brace)
ARTHUR NERSESIAN
The Fuck-Up
(Akashic)
JEAN-PAUL SARTRE
Nausea
(New Directions)
JEANETTE WINTERSON
Gut Symmetries
(Knopf)

This set of four could belong to the categories of both literary failures and obsession. However, neither category is absolutely accurate. Lem's *Peace on Earth* is not so much a failure as he is a successful bumbler and his obsession to discover what happened to him is entirely understandable.

Neressian's unnamed protagonist is a failure due to his obsession for self-advancement at any price. Sartre's *Nausea* might be considered a failure by Jeanette Winterson's troupe of misery, Alice, Jove and Stella aren't failures in the regular conception thereof. All are obsessed, however.

Dreamers, bumbler and lucky stumblers know of no greater champion than Stanislaw Lem. It's not that his characters — Ijon Tichy and Pirx the Pilot, in particular — are such idiots they are expendable, but that they often find answers to nigh-impossible questions stumbling towards them. Within *Peace on Earth*, Tichy returns to Earth with serious trouble, as he faces amnesia and a calotomomy (an operation sometimes performed on people with severe epilepsy — the severing of the corpus callosum, the bond between the hemispheres of the brain). Thus, the two sides of his body act independently: the right side, which is directed by the logical, rational left side of the brain remains functional; but the left side, which has been long restrained, flowers in outrageous displays of rowdy, raunchy behaviour.

Slowly, clues reveal that Tichy has recently returned from a mission to the moon. The nanotechnology sent there is immediately rendered inoperable. Are the lunar machines a threat? If so, can Tichy stop them? Lem's warm and humorous style, here at its satiric height, ensures that the reader will forgive him, although Tichy's compatriots probably won't. Unlike many science fiction writers, Lem refuses to con-

descend to his audience though he will explain invented terms when necessary, often for both the reader and the protagonist.

False expectations have momentarily crippled all of us at some point, but few are demoralized so catastrophically as Nersesian's protagonist in *The Fuck-Up*. Having moved from the American Midwest to New York some years back while living a pleasant, stable (and boring) life with a woman, he decides to improve his lot. This is a modern Faustian tale wherein the contract made with his childhood intentions condemns him to debauchery and depravity. He loses his home, his girlfriend, his job, every sense of security for a duplicitous, indifferent woman. His oldest New York friend falls victim to a virago. Briefly, he loses everything. The narrator is honest and objective and quietly announces the moral: don't screw yourself by destroying the good around you for immediate and/or uncertain gain. Nersesian's language is deceptively simple; indeed, it is precise, vivid, and perfect. The character development of the narrator and his fellow victims and tormentors is insightful and colourful. This is a work of grace and style.

eyes." Unable to cope with people — including his lover — because of this peculiar psychosomatic/moral/spiritual disease, he evades them by venturing to the provinces where he cannot help befriending some of the locals. Instead, the nausea comes forward more frequently until an epiphany strikes: the nausea is the euphoria of truth. This knowledge enables him to accept all the dreadful horrors to come calmly and with equanimity. Expressive, wondrous, and invigorating, this first novel displays wisdom and inspired comprehension of the hypocritical and deceitful violence of human nature.

The unfortunate of the fourth work are confronted with the universal traumas of life. Jeanette Winterson's seventh novel, *Gut Symmetries*, travels the routes of winning, losing and regaining love and respect, but, as always, she refuses to make the voyage straight and mind-numbingly dull. Winterson has her three unfortunates: an English physical (Alice), an American physical (Jove), and his wife (Stella) explore the bizarre intermingling of the masculine world. Science seeks to define all physical phenomena as deriving from a single principle, the Grand Unifying Theory, a process defined by logical deliberation. Fate, however, shifts and fades unless one pays attention to one's instincts and gut reactions. The paths of the three characters cross at a terrifying point, the nexus of logic and emotion, which results in catastrophe. While logic is essential in developing processes for understanding life, it can, through its basest minion pragmatism, be horribly brutish and violently animal. The novel revolves around a discussion on how the past affects the present and that time may not be exactly linear when confronted by will.

These struggles are perfectly crafted by Winterson's powerful, passionate imagery and her ability to unite seemingly disparate elements into an inventive, intelligent, and thoroughly enthralling work.

Taken as a whole, these four works show the immutability and permanence of bumbling and obsession throughout the entirety of human existence. That said, I'm off for a drink.



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Existentialism and dissatisfaction march firmly together — if only because so much of our existence is unsatisfactory — in Jean-Paul Sartre's first novel, *Nausea*. A young writer, Antoine Roquentin, travels to a small, northern coastal, French town to do some research to escape Paris and the main causes of a bizarre ailment he terms "the nausea," which Céline expressed three years prior as: "When you stay in a place long enough, people and things begin to dissolve, decay, and putrefy before your very

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COMET GAIN

**Sneaky
(Wijet)**

Comet Gain is yet another English, punk-influenced pop group who is struggling to differentiate itself from all that come before them (*Blur*, *Heavenly Huggy Bear*, *Oasis*... to name a few). Sneaky, their second album, surprised me with its broad spectrum of tracks.

If fast, concise punk is your thing, check out "The Language of the Spy" and "Final Horses," for more melancholy moments, try "Raspberries" or the occasionally melodious "Steps to the Sea," for solo guitar licks and dominant brass sections, "Strength" will deliver.

Overall though, this band still doesn't break enough rules to sound unique. Maybe they should try infusing a little adventurous musicality for a change.

If you are as over the commercial-sounding Britpop scene as me, this is one add to the stack of "some are" CDs.

Cristy Baker

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**Love Story
(BMG)**

I can't think of another way to describe this album, except as disappointing. First known as *Slow*, this Vancouver band has been quiet for a while. After an initial signing to Zulu Records and a brief stint with Celtic, they are now signed to BMG. The first single released from this much anticipated album, "Transfiguration" is fantastic, echoing sounds of *U2* with synthetic, sketchy background music combined with vocals resembling Robert Smith of *The Cure*.

As I searched the album, however, it became clear why this track is the first single and opening song on *Love Story*. I found myself craving change-ups in the music, backing vocals, harmonies and steadily moving riffs, but was left starving. While a couple of songs are decent — "Love Story," "Overexposed," and "A Frame" all standing out — on the whole, this CD offers me little more than a simple lesson: to approach albums with little or no expectations.

Daniel Abraham

CROWBAR

**Larger Than Life (and liveer than I'll ever be)
(Stony Plain)**

Archaeologically prominent for their "owowow what a feelin', what a rushin'" bit of the late 20th century, this live album is a prime example of the soulfully augmented rock group era of 1968-1973 and not, as previously

believed, from the soulfully augmented rock group revival of 1998-2002. The confusion stemmed partly from doing the same old condition of all artifacts found and partly from the bands' origins in Canada, which until recently was thought to be mythical. New discoveries have firmly placed them in rock history as contemporaries of *Three Dog Night*, *Blood, Sweat, and Tears*, and *Chicago* (Illinois and *Nash*).
Mark Szabo

DOWN BY LAW

**Last Of The Sharpshooters
(Epitaph)**

Down By Law, members of the growing Epitaph family, provides a somewhat mellow punk sound, when compared to labelmates *Pennywise*, *NoFX*, and *Ten Foot Pole*, whose music is more metal-influenced and aggressive. Too bad I prefer the latter type of punk rock. **Down By Law** ought to go for a more crisp, clear guitar distortion sound and improve their vocals — boy, does Dave Smalley need to learn how to sing! He sings in tune, but that's countered by the dreadful monotony of his voice. He writes about a wide range of life experiences, including violence in society, painful relationships, and patriotism.

My favorite tune would have to be "Urban Napalm," which discusses the racial tensions between white and black people. This song provides a dramatic change-up in musical style, offering a *Sublime*-ish ska feel to the CD. Instrumentally, these guys do a good job of integrating guitar solos and rhythmic changes in their music.

I commend *Down By Law* for veering away from the punk trend of sounding pissed off about everything.
Jerome Yang

ECBOR

**All of Us Can Be Rich...
(Grand Royal)**

The folks at Grand Royal have kindly compiled most of *ECBOR*'s self-titled album and their *Spox* is a *Fat Bitch EP* onto one release for our listening pleasure. They're darker, more bratty and have less of the in-your-face sloganeering of their *Digital Hardcore* Recordings counterpart, *Atari Teenage Riot*. G.D. O'Rio's high pitched screaming would make any riot girl proud. Punk rock attitude, chaos and beats that could send you to the hospital (which has apparently already happened to one female fan) gives us teen angst at its best. This is the stand-out hit record of the year — the perfect album to get

you hooked on *Digital Hardcore*. "Amiga trash sound" is the sound of the future, here and now.

Warning: may make you want to kill.

Miss Lola Twin Stars

ELEVATOR TO HELL

**Eerieconsolation
(Squirgun)**

JULIE DOIRON

**Loneliest In The Morning
(Sub Pop)**

Elevator to Hell contains 50% of the now-defunct *Eric's Trip* and of all the spinoff bands, they have the most faithful (to ET's) sound. The songs on *Eerieconsolation* are heavier and most are in triple time, but the recording style is the same old Stereo Mountain. Unfortunately, a lot of songs are ruined by proto-psychic noodling and distorted vocals. One of the better songs is "Backteeth," which I re-created from the last time they played. A big, heavy, distorted bass riff drunks along in front of Mark Gaudel's effortless drumming and Rick White's shy vocals. It only Rick would let Tara S'Appart sing sometimes — I heard her 7" and really liked it.

Julie Dorian has probably moved more from the breakup of *Eric's Trip* than any other member. Much in the vein of her *Broken Girl* releases, but her lyrics draw us deeper into her world than ever before. "I am inspired to make little things," she confesses, "but there's not a whole lot more that I want." The intrusion of her producers into the recording is unfortunate: there's unnecessary keyboards on almost every track. The only time that their talents really succeed is on "Sorry Pt. 1," with the addition of a shimmering pedal steel. The album ends with a lovely French tune. This is the perfect thing when you're feeling lost.

Hansel and Gretel

GUTTERMOUTH

**Musical Monkey
(Niro)**

I love Guttermouth. There aren't too many bands out there that make fun of more things than I do. This album is no different. Over the course of the album, Guttermouth tackles many important social issues, including hunting, rollerblading, sex with monkeys and beating up your mom. However, even though the lyrics are funny and sometimes downright unbelievable, this isn't great music. Don't get me wrong, I enjoy listening to Guttermouth, but everything seems kinda repulsive. The album's sorta fast song, slow song, slow song, death metal

joke song, couple fast songs and so on. I guess you can't expect too much else from a punk band.
Dave Tolnai

HELIUM

**The Magic City
(Motator)**

This album, seems like songwriter Mary Timony woke up on the other side of the bed, no one facing the window and the forecast calls for a warm, sunny day. Compared to the dirt and darkness of *The Dirt of Luck*, **Helium** comes across as a happier bunch these days, opting for keyboard-heavy, prog-rocky, poppier sounds.

It was a slow process for me, accepting this new band who still call themselves **Helium** — at first, I wasn't particularly attracted to the pastel colours and feelings that replaced the black ones. The elements of **Helium** that I loved before, however, haven't really gone anywhere. Mary still has her airy, meandering voice, she continues to write bizarre, creative lyrics; and Ash still does with a boss what most bassists do.

Therefore, I concede. This is a great album. And guess I, too, need to believe in smiles and Magic.

Mya Lowe

HOWIE B

**Turn the Dark Off
(Island)**

Howie B has been a mainstay of the electronic music scene for some time now. While contemporaries such as *The Chemical Brothers* and *The Prodigy* have become mainstream, commercial music makers, **Howie B** has maintained his underground base from the break-up of his concept of experimentation with sound. *Turn the Dark Off* retains the signature mixture of breakbeat and techno that gives **Howie B** his edge. The use of xylophones and horn section samples in a non-traditional context also gives this album a familiar feel, despite the fact that the music is all original.

Turn the Dark Off is a complex album full of light, airy, trip-hop and breakbeat tracks reminiscent of *Primal Scream*'s newest album, *Vanishing Point*. The more upbeat tracks are addictive and strategically placed to wake you up just as you begin to get hypnotized by the slow stuff. The final track is definitely the best on the album, an infectious mix of low-bass, looped keyboards and a beat that gets your feet moving.
Patrick Gross

IIVY

**Apartment Life
(Atlantic)**

Ivy is a three-piece that could be described as 100% uplifting, happy pop. *Apartment Life*, their second album, was released after a two-year musical famine. Reasons for giving this album a go include guest input from Dean Wareham, and Stanley Denski of *Luna*, Chris Collingwood and Jody Porter of *Fountains of Wayne*, and James the of *Smashing Pumpkins*; songs

with strumming guitars, simple melodies and soft harmonies, and catchy lyrics and synthy, French-accented vocals from Dominique Durand.

Who would I want Apartment Life? I'd get nostalgic charm, all modern conveniences, and is bright, upbeat, and perfect for entertaining...
Cristy Baker

LES SECRETAIRES VOLANTES

**Thermoplastic
(Pinchless)**

I ask the reader to keep in mind that I am not a huge fan of punk music. **Les Secretaires Volantes** are very punk. That said, I have to admit that I was drawn to this album by the exotic title and promise of French lyrics. The band consists of five members playing instruments from the ordinary guitar to xylophones and maracas. All the songs are of the typical hard-pitched, guitar-smashing, fire-lighting, poppy, punk style. And the meanings of the words are presented very clearly in the context of the song to those who aren't lucky enough to speak French (so I don't worry about a language barrier — punk is universal). *Thermoplastic* is a revolutionary new punk record! No wait, it is definitely worth a listen. So spike your hair, tear your clothes, put on your best pair of bondage pants and enjoy!
Shane van der Mier

LIPS, HIPS, AND LONG BUST

**TRIPS zine
#1**

(16pages, half size w/ 8pages quarter size insert)

This was written by Brie, the mainstay of *Shish*, who is trying to stop herself from crying, a zine which I've heard relatively good things about but haven't a chance to read. After I read it, I came to the conclusion that it was going to be hard to review — not because the content itself was extremely difficult to follow, but because I had a variety of conflicting opinions about this zine as a whole.

First of all, it is obvious that Brie has experienced some type of catharsis or self-discovery (most of the content of this dealt with "discovery of the inner-self"). I can feel some of her energy in that way and that is a positive aspect of this zine. But a good portion of the writing seemed to be too transparent and bubbly for the most part. The diary stories and the poetry interested me, but the on-line insights and the article on *Ani Difrence* didn't really swing me. My complaint isn't so much with the clarity of the writing (being airy is OK with me) as it is a desire for having more depth and sincerity.

Now that I've created a sense of intrigue and curiosity around this zine, perhaps this review will prompt you to write Brie yourself (at 1805 Dublin St., New Westminster, BC, V3M 3A2).
Jack D.

MANBREAK

**Come and See
(Almo)**

It's always a little embarrassing

when bands (or their promoters) describe their own lyrics as "ultra-intelligent," especially when it's not exactly true. Witty — no clear — not even. Let's try, "not stupid," which is still respectable in this age of *Oasis*. **ManBREAK** presents standard '90s resentment under the guise of happy, hyper pop.

The Liverpool band's first single, "Ready or Not" (which could just as aptly be called "Do You Wanna" or "Round and Round") — no, wait, that's the name of the seventh track — is catchy enough. It's punchy. I can't say it's not even. Let's try, "quit conforming to societal molds." There's an original thought. Their stab at universal controversy, "God's Never Heard of You," is a lovely puno ballad, and one of only two slow songs. The other is a sweet arrangement of strings, and ends the album with a gently whispered "goodnight, everybody." Both are a welcome departure from the band's ordinary guitar and drums which attacks you for the rest of the album.

Unfortunately, **ManBREAK** have a fondness for pseudo-pop, chanting their verses while crunching arena-rock guitar grinds away beneath the vocals. But they are good at what they do. Their pop is a little more frenzied than I like, but is, nevertheless, socially pleasing. Top it from a friend. (Shish...)
alio husse

NAKED FOR JESUS

**Licks Like Love
(Independent)**

Hypnotic pop best describes the music in this album. The lyrics blend together with various background sounds and melt a fractal-like image in your mind. The title track, 11:40 minutes long, displays the band's uniqueness and talent. There really isn't another band that **Naked For Jesus** can be compared to — the closest that comes to mind is a heavy metal **Pink Floyd**, which is still pretty far out. Check for something that **Licks Like Love** the next time you're record shopping.

Big Cheese

NOT FAR ENOUGH zine

"Understand oppression and become a worker of your own independence. That's the first line of *Not Far Enough*, an anarchist feminist perspective. This small zine covers a wide range of topics from women's issues to animal rights in an earthy manner that is intelligent and focused. The author discusses the topic of sexism in the hardcore scene, criticizing it for not tackling the issue of sexual violence. A highlight is her criticism of Earth Crisis (the vegan warriors themselves) for their profile stance which seems to be an attack on women's bodily rights. The zine also discusses the grassroots efforts of Food Not Bombs and even includes an interview with Vancouver's *Submission Hold*. The author lays down some thoughts on the relationship between human and animal

rights in the section titled "Human and Non-human Liberation." Finally, the zine ends with a sobering response to the date rape issue. \$0.50 to \$1-6050 University Ave., Halifax, NS, B3H 1W5)
 Jamie Doucette

PRAXIS zine #2 (98pp, half size wide)

Once in a while, I'll come across a politically-oriented zine that blows me right off my feet. Praxis has done just that and has left me lying on the ground, wondering what has hit me. I'm serious. When I opened the first pages of this zine [actually, this thing exceeds zine quality], I was instantly drawn in by its sensible computer layout complete with illustrations and pictures and an over magazine-type flair.

The best part was that when I got down to reading it, it actually had substance. You can believe that Praxis consists mostly of a variety of political pieces, ranging from vegan recipes to personal essays. The essays are actually researched and complete with examples and anecdotes, rather than empty rants that go nowhere. "The Guide to Student Protesting" particularly caught my attention because it seemed to cover all the bases. At times, I swore that I was actually reading some Noam Chomsky essay—it is that good. The fact that a myriad of writers from a community could collaborate to do this is a feat in itself. Even now I still pick it up once in a while just to make myself realize why I found interest in political zines in the first place [insert cries of joy here].
 Jack D.

SEELY Seconds (Too Pure)

The Too Pure record label is one of the most consistent record labels around. Only Kranky gives Too Pure any competition with

having the most acts with a similar sound. Not that bands signed to Kranky sound like bands signed to Too Pure. But I digress.

Seely creates a brand of indie rock really defies the stigma of indie pop. Experimental segments a la *Tortoise* and *Flying Saucer Attack*, jazzy progressions reminiscent of *The Sea and Cake* are stewed in with raw, naked, indie-rock, not unlike *Tristan Palonic*. The mix tape makes for an album which is texturally diverse and unforgettable. The talented musicianship on this album is disguised by the seamless composition of songs; Seely plays as a whole, not as a group of individual musicians. The melodies are subtle yet catchy. While not everyone will love this album, it is difficult to find fault with it. The songs are well-written, sincere, relevant and emotional. This is one of the best releases of 1997.

Patrick Grass JANE SIBERY Child: Music for the Christmas Season (Sheeba)

If there is anyone other than my family I would like to celebrate Christmas with, it would be *Jane Sibery*. She is one of very few people who can, so easily, evoke the sweet innocence of childhood and the glowing surprise of presents in the early Christmas morning darkness.

Sibery is wide-eyed in flashing red and green lights and eats popcorn from the bowl as she strings pop kernels onto thread for the tree. Sibery gets lost in tradition, finding comfort in family around the fireplace, watching sparks dance, listening to coals hiss. Sibery is the earnest child who pulls everyone to the place around the family piano, hands them their song sheet, and leads them in her favourite carol. *Jane Sibery* is, herself, a Christmas child.

Recorded over four shows at The Bottom Line in NYC last December, *Child* is a live album and as such, conveys the loose, free feel of her concerts, something I enjoy and appreciate. Unfortunately, the live format leads to my sole complaint about *Child*: there are some rather abrupt, even harsh, edits on the CD. Obviously, Sibery was removing unnecessary material, but the flow of *Child* may have been better by fades.

Aside from this, the live album suits her and she seems more comfortable than ever with her audience, treating each venue as her living room, each guest kissing each on the cheek under the mistletoe.

A two-CD, 22-song collection, *Child* contains over 100 minutes of Christmas music, including obscure traditional songs, more familiar carols, her own Christmas songs, and even a funny little story about taking communion one Christmas mass. My favourite tracks, though, are a version of "Hockey" (from *Bound by the Beauty*), and "Are You Burning, Little Candle?" previously available only on compilations.

But Christmas isn't all happy and sweet, and in true Sibery fashion, *Child* is tinged with the bleakness of wind-driven snow over the prairie, frosted with despair. "New Year's Baby," for example, is a prose poem about a young attempted suicide.

Alternating between light, airy celebration, and sombre hush, *Child* is a diverse and welcome addition to any Christmas tradition.
 bk

THE SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS Kick Your Ass (Telstar)

Yes, the trio from Trenton, NJ look ready to do just that on the cover of their third long player, but how about them songs? Do they flex enough musical muscle? You betcha, string-bean

Side one kicks sand in your face while enjoying that favourite summer pastime of "Pool Hoppin'" and "I'm the Mailman" is a garage punder with extra punches courtesy of new guitarist Jeff Jefferson (guess he's taking shoggy didn't make his weight class in time). Feelin' dizzy? Then just "Do the Stand." "Don't you move a muscle/ Stay stiff as a board," yell our neckbreaker gang. You're face down in the dirt, and the record's only half over!

After dustin' yerself off, the ass-whuppin' continues on side two. "Super Stuff" goes downtown and then slaps you upside the head, followed by a raucous rendition of '60s psych-rock group *Love's* "Can't Explain."

After huffin' and puffin' in Tom Jorgensen, bassist with the best set of pipes this side of the Hanford Nuclear Power Plant, gets ready to "Rip it, Rip it up" and when it's all over, you're doin' "The Flop" while your girlfriend walks away from your sorry 98 pound carcass with our New Jerseyian no-goodniks linked arm-in-arm.

Convinced yet? Then I strongly urge you to get with the program that hundreds of previously pint-sized punks swear by! Don't let *The Swingin' Neckbreakers* ever "Kick Your Ass" again!
 Bryce Dunn

THEYMILES Judas Bauer (Epitaph)

Foat Bauer (of *Jon Spencer Blues Explosion* fame) gets down with brother Donovan Bauer to record in a urinal somewhere in Mississippi. Yup, a urinal: sounds like one, and there's even a picture on the inside cover of the boys in a shadowy, caught in the act of oozing the blues. The Bauers had some help in an attempt to make this an "authentic" blues experience: the album features *R.L. Boyce* and

Other Turner Fife and Drum Band. A few tunes are worth the listen, but don't let the cover fool you: this is no *Folkways* original gin-house blues. Even though *Twenty Miles* manages to produce a raw, dirty, drunken blues sound, there is something crucial missing that would transform this recording into a real juke-joint moment instead of the pale imitation that it is. The vocals lack the emotion and "hard livin'" of *Fred McDowell*, who they cover. Their gravelly voices are the result of mic distortion as much as heartbreak or moonshine. But a few tracks are pretty jumpin' in a Blues Explosion kind of way, and *Other Turner's* drums add a unique sound. Now if only they could resist the urge to sing...
 Anna Friz

THE VEES The Veas EP (murdercords)

With the departure of two band members and the addition of a token boy drummer (Mike Belitsky), the remaining members of *jale* have abandoned their acronym and renamed themselves *The Vees*. This EP is a synthesis of the best elements of Canadian indie-rock. When Mike sings, he sounds a little like *Hayden*. Jennifer and Laura hit big, beautiful *Inbreeds* like har-mony chords. One of my favourite things about this EP was that it was slightly less rock and roll than earlier *jale* work. I really didn't like the low, low female vocals, though, and some of the guest guitar solos seemed a little gratuitous. Nevertheless, you should buy this EP just for the too-perfect contrast of vocal colours on the chorus of "Denied."

Hansel and Gretel

VARIOUS ARTISTS Give 'Em the Boot (Hellcat)

Hellcat records represents Epitaph Records' attempt to cash in on the public's increased interest

in old school ska and punk. This album is sorta a compilation and Hellcat sampler rolled into one. There's a bunch of old school punk type bands such as *The Swingin' Utters* and *The Deadkick Murphys*, there's a bunch of old school ska type bands such as *The Pietasters* and *The Slackers*; there's a really cool *Rancid* song that's quite different from anything I've heard from them before; and to top it all off, there's a pointed, yet hilarious, cover of Rancid's "Roots Radicals" done by a latino band. Anyway, you're bound to find a couple of songs on here that you like, and seeing as it's only seven bucks...

Dave Islanz

VARIOUS ARTISTS Women of the World Celtic (Putumayo World Music)

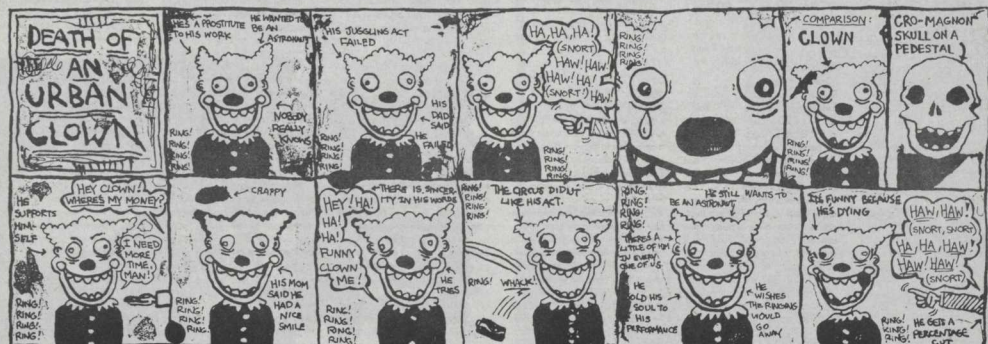
If you are a fan of Celtic music, you must buy this compilation of Celtic and Celtic-based songs performed by women. These women include well-known Canadian artists *Mary Jane Lemond* and *Natalie MacMaster*. Lemond was made famous for her vocals in *Ashley MacIsaac's* hit. Her vocals in "Bag A Lachair" are entrancing and she is accompanied by *Ashley MacIsaac* on the fiddle once again.

This album isn't all Cape Breton Gaelic music that most Canadian listeners are familiar with. Irish-born *Eileen Ivers* incorporates Celtic tradition with a mix of jazz in the fiddle piece "The Rights of Man." *Susan McKeown* is a vocalist who cannot be placed in any specific category. Her songs have been said to be "equal parts raw and Irish Beat poet," and that about sums up the song "Jericho." This is one of those songs that you will find stuck in your head all day. Every performance on this album is original and, yet, at the same time, on the same level.

Erin Nicholson

Good Tasty Comics

by Jason da Silva



Real Reaction

THE SELECTOR DUOTANG

Saturday, October 4

Starfish Room
Lean, muscular and sporting a freshly shaved head, Pauline Black, the lead singer and only original member of **The Selector**, was fired up and ready to show that her band is still a contender in the increasingly competitive ska market. Ms. Black's band, featuring some members from later incarnations, sounded just as tight as the original. They played many of their classics, including "Celebrate the Buller" and the ska flagship "James Bond [the Killer]" In between sets she teased the audience, sounding playful stabs at Americans, **Paul Weller** and people who live south of the Thames River. Despite some annoying sound problems and what was told was a blown PA, and despite the weakness of recently recorded material, **The Selector** can still make you skank your brains out.

As for **Duotang**, everyone already knows they are the coolest dressers around (let's face it, mod aesthetic rules and every thing else sucks), but as for their music? My problem is that a duo is a very limited combo — you need bucket loads of talent or your songs all start to sound the same. This issue is compounded by having a duo made up of two rhythm instruments: bass and drums. In my books, the Wright brothers (**NoMeansNo**) are the bass and drum duo to beat (and they became a trio fairly early on). But hey, at least **Duotang** is the coolest looking band around, which is not bad when you consider that "it's all about the frigg'n clothes..." in this fickle, heartless world of ours.

James Boldt

THE REFRESHMENTS

Tuesday, October 14

Starfish Room
It's hot in Arizona. And don't believe those who say that it's not so bad because of the "dry heat." That's crap. 100 degrees is 100 degrees, dry or wet.

Tempe, Arizona's **The Refreshments** play a curious blend of southern/Mexican guitars, rock rhythms, and non-sense vocals. When **The Refreshments** emerged at the **Starfish**, a row of tequila shots lined the stage, a welcoming gift from a particularly dedicated fan.

Starting off with a song from the new album, which on the radio sounded suspiciously like the now defunct **The Gin Blossoms**, **The Refreshments** redefined themselves and proved that they are far better live than

their label allows them to be in the studio (read: overproduction).

The philosophy of this band is simple: "Let's just play music and feel good." They are concerned not with statements, but with having fun in creating catchy pop songs. With plenty of friendly audience interaction, **The Refreshments** played for two solid hours, mixing songs from *The Bottle & Fresh Horses* with songs from *Fuzzy Fuzzy*, *Big & Buzzy*, and throwing in a cover of **Pavement's** "Cut Your Hair" for good measure. Of course, they ended the show by handing out beer to the audience and slamming into a speed-driven version of "King of the Hill."

The tequila-bearing fan is typical of **The Refreshments'** audience. Dedicated followers who know all the songs by heart and show up at every show for a good time weren't let down tonight.

bk



Charlatans UK at The Rage

photo by
Kris Rothstein

THE CHARLATANS UK THE DANDY WARHOLS

Wednesday, October 15

Rage
The Dandy Warhols acted as if there were projection screens in front of the stage; their performance lacked energy, as if they couldn't wait to get off stage. People go to concerts to see the band; if they just wanted to listen to the music, they would buy the album.

During their set I sat with some of **The Charlatans'** Their open animosity towards the Dandys was made very clear when they shouted "Bullocks!" and "Rub-bis!" every chance they could get. I went to the concert as a big fan of the Dandys and left very disappointed.

The Charlatans returned to North America after a five year absence and proved that they still know how to rock. After the Dandys' dull performance, the **Charlatans** made coming out worth while. The fans went nuts as soon as they came on stage and didn't stop until the last song. The energy was there and the music was awesome. **The Charlatans** are

definitely a band that doesn't need projection screens to get the fans going; hopefully, we won't have to wait another five years for them to come back.

Erin Nicholson

SUPERCHUNK PLUMTREE

Thursday, October 16

Starfish Room
Plumtree popped their way through a decent set of east coast melodies. The four Canadian lasses were grateful to be opening for such a fine band. Their tunes were nothing new, but it's hard not to like a straightforward pop band.

Superchunk hit the stage with "Burn Last Sunday," the second best number off the new platter, *Indoor Living*. They only played one really old song, "Cool," so there were a few disappointed stars who missed tunes from *No Pocky For Kitty*. The pre-*Indoor Living* songs rocked with

fans (i.e., their friends from work), who entertained me with their drunken versions of the *Riverdance*.

Thank goodness, also, for the happiness that is **Plumtree**, whose bouncy, surfy guitar-pop enthralled the kids in peak dancing performance. **Plumtree** always seem like they're having a good time and their enthusiasm is always contagious.

The Rock & Roll sign lit up, signalling the start of a full-on rock spectacle. **The Thrush Hermit** were very much in heart-throb mode, but I had heard of fire-breathing in Waterloo, instrument-balancing in London and fan stripping down to his briefs in Toronto. Apart from Joel's post-modern seizures and fan taking off his cop, showmanship was limited that night. The show was a blast: a hit-octane exhibition of everything that is good and ROCK. They played some of their favourites, a lot of sweet-home-wreckar stuff, and forthcoming material from their catalogue of angst-driven, '70s infused pop-rock. The crowd was awed by their sonic power and two drunk moshers were incited to violence and lame displays of strength and physique.

At the end of the night, my feet hurt from dancing and my head ached from all the guitar violence, but I left with a smile thanks to **Plumtree**. So yes, sharing the show with violent drunk people and missing ABC's TGIF was worth it.

Zia

GUIDED BY VOICES SUPERCONDUCTOR

Friday, October 17

Starfish Room
Stories of drinking, debauchery and excesses in the Guided By Voices... or, *Guided By Voices* camp, coupled with singer Robert Pollard's attraction for early '70s freak music concerned me. I feared this band would follow so many of Pollard's drunken heroes down a path of mediocrity glossed over by some three-ring circus of style over substance.

On tonight's undercard were local heroes **Superconductor**. Rough and ragged after a few weeks on the road opening for **GBV**, they showed some wear

during the first half of their set. Intensity was lacking from the get-go, excluding their exceptionally energetic drummer. By the end of the set, however, they rebounded to deliver the power that's to be expected from live really loud guitars, plus bass and drums.

When **GBV** finally hit the stage, it was BAM with one song and BOOM with the next, relentlessly, one after another. Any individual **GBV** song could be a pop masterpiece with their irrelevant lyrics and simplified verse-chorus-repeat style of songwriting. These works are all about melody, without the unnecessary filler found in so much of modern music. Over the next 90 minutes, they played almost 45 of these songs, each with so much power and vitality, they should have overwhelmed the audience. Even more surprising was Pollard's state: despite consuming a half dozen beers throughout the set, he swaggered and staggered about while still maintaining most of his composure: his body language coupled with his dynamic facial expression made for one of the most entertaining stage shows I've ever seen.

Brian Wieser

SCANNER

DJ SPOOKY Friday, October 17

Chameleon
I was a little surprised to find that the focus of this event was on the "illbient" sounds of **DJ Spooky** more than the equally illbient veteran Robin Rimbaud, better known as **Scanner**.

The music of **Scanner** went far beyond the media hype, as he hit the stage early with unprecedented sonic textuality. While the intrusive MC begged up the "mesto scannaman," he seemed to respond by peaking out all the frequencies within the MC's voice range to lose him in a myriad of sounds, samples, deep percussive and of course, cellular telephone scans. His set built into an serious abstract dub/trip-hop/breaks session layered with sounds that took me forward into a place a cycle up from the original illbient of the 1970s, circa **Throbbing Gristle** and **Cabaret Voltaire**.

DJ Spooky came out of **Scanner's** set with a loop that was slightly off but worked as patter that darted around the close of **Scanner's** set. This brought to mind the controversy amidst more "technical" DJs who have made **DJ Spooky** the target of harsh criticism because he doesn't beat mix. **Spooky** has apparently responded that he can beat mix, but chooses not to as he mixes sounds, not rhythm.

The overall package of who and what **DJ Spooky** is works and is undeniable like no other DJ on the planet. It is refreshing to see the scratch skills of a hip-hop DJ applied with industrious ambient and experimental sounds.

After roughly an hour of non-stop sonic chaos, **Scanner** rejoined **Spooky** for an illbient duo of the two played off each other and, although the headlines ended early, the show continued in the true ambient sense of background music with a DJ named Howard. This tour was one of the most experimental electronic events to hit Vancouver this year.

Dave Bapamer

THE INBREDS THE WOODEN STARS

SORRY

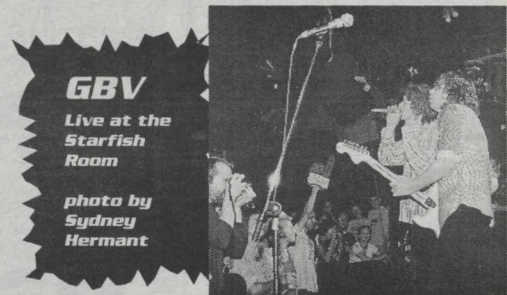
Saturday, October 18

Starfish Room
Was this night a test to see how few people the **Starfish Room** can hold? I was disappointed to see such a small turnout for such a powerful batch of Canadian talent. First to play was **Sorry**, from Victoria. Their stage presence showed how apologetic they were — it was as if they were trying to shy away from the performing experience.

When **The Wooden Stars** took the stage, the crowd began to get into the swing of things. They were absolutely amazing; they had their set down pat and had such enthusiasm and power, I was sad to see their set end.

The Inbreds played a solid set, just a bit too reminiscent of their last **Starfish Room** show. They played a few new songs and a lot of old standards. The show was enjoyable, but not particularly thrilling. **The Wooden Stars** were definitely the brightest stars out that night.

Julie Colero



GBV

Live at the
Starfish
Room

photo by
Sydney
Hermant

THRUSH HERMIT
PLUMTREE
AQUE VELVE
Friday, October 17
Columbia Hotel

Aque Velve's name suggested a headlock, velvet tied around to match their slick suits and ties. Instead, they incorporated everything bland into their top-40 aspirant formula: snotty vocals for the "punk" effect, guitar-heavy outbursts for the "Bush X" effect, etc. etc. Thank goodness for their

KELLY JOE PHELPS

DAYNA KURTZ
Saturday, October 18
St. James Community Square
 Nothing like sitting for three hours in a crowded desecrated church to give you the blues in them hard pews. But top slide guitar player extraordinaire **Kelly Joe Phelps**, born to religion, and his brand of Mississippi guitar/home-to-mayor blues was right in character for this intimate wood-floored space. Intense acoustic blues and a bar in the back of the room more than compensated for the lack of beer.

Kelly Joe Phelps is a one-man slide guitar gone-down-South show. He may be from Portland, Oregon, but if you close your eyes, you too would be a believer that this man was born in the Delta. He sings, but it's more of a moan than words. He played mostly his own tunes, as well as a number of covers (including a version of **Leadbelly's** "Goodnight, Beulah," which he recognized until the chorus). This is where Phelps truly shines: he plays the whole guitar from sliding on the strings to striking the strings and the body to create crooning notes and percussive punctuation. He also plays finger-picked "country blues style, doing covers of "Poor Black Mattie" and "Big Man's Door," as well as tunes from his new release, *Let Away The Stone*.

Most everyone who flocked to see Phelps had heard him already at the Vancouver Folk Festival this summer, so the real surprise of the evening was the opener — newcomer **Dayna Kurtz**. She hails from New Jersey and plays on urban acoustic blues made of equal parts downtown sophistication and hoysed slide guitar. With a voice reminiscent of **Janis Joplin** on a relatively calm day, Kurtz mesmerized the crowd. Her songs ranged from standard blues themes of love-come-and-gone songs to a biting women's comment on to the Beat boys, to a song about Patterson, New Jersey that ended in a sweet sad Italian melody.

Anna Friz

THE CRAMPS GUITAR WOLF DEMOLITION DOLLS Friday, October 24

Graceland
 Unfortunately, compulsive obsessive drinking kept me from catching the entire **Demolition Dolls** set, but all the fleshy flesh, dirt and big pink toy cars which marked the band's unrepentant was definitely a visual experience that was the cause of many a dirty girl fantasy for nights and nights to come.

Next up was **Guitar Wolf**. They're sooooo rock 'n' roll! All leather-clad, sunglasses, and spewing attitude, they had the crowd awe struck with tracks from their CD *Planet of the Wolves*. Seiji brought the punk-a-billy show to a crazy improv level where he seemed an insane con who'd driven a semi and twisted musical vision (I'm not sure I got it). He was all jumpy!

off speakers and generally just freakin' out. Oh yeah, yeah... Billy the Boss Wolf had the most wicked dragon tattoo.

Finally emerged **The Cramps** — who, due to their legendary status alone, swept everyone off their feet — okay, okay maybe **Guitar Wolf** kicked their ass energy-wise, but with crowd pleasers like "Con Your Pussy do the Dog," "Garbage Man," and "Mean Machine," who wouldn't have been able to shake their thang? On top of it, all, he repeatedly grabbed his titles, crotch and seriously humped the mic during "Surfin' Bird." So, in the end, I'd say it was a super duper kick ass show!

pink meat

SCOTT THOMPSON Friday, October 24 Vogue

There's no question in my mind: Scott Thompson is funny. In addition to the work he's done with *The Kids in the Hall* and *The Larry Sanders Show*, he is a capable stand-up comedian whose schtick blends a straight (pardon the pun) forward stand routine relating his life as a gay man with

alongside characters like barfly Cuddy Cole and the narrow-minded mother who laments that her son has come out of the closet.

Regardless of form, his humor always made relevant, thought-provoking, often tongue-in-cheek points. Perhaps it's because I've seen too much of his material, but it was difficult to be as amazed as I was when I first saw him on television. As funny as the show was, it didn't exceed my expectations. However, he pulled off an impressive encore. After his seventy minute routine was complete, he returned to the stage, dressed only in sheets. He ripped off his covers to reveal his naked body and yelled, "I want my foreskin back!" And that was it. Certainly it was one of the best finales I've seen.

Brian Wieser

STEALTH TOUR: COLDCUT, DJ FOOD, DJ KOALA Monday, October 27 Sonar

First up was the young boy named Eric San, known to his punk-haired and retro-attired admirers as the inimitable **Kid Koala**. His set was the thorough exploitation of

Unfortunately the same could not be said for the evil emcees of the Ninja Tune beat factory, **DJ Food**. Rather than interact and respond to their audience, they chose to hide behind samplers, computers, kangol hats and two giant video screens. Very little of their set seemed spontaneous, with 75% of their samples coordinated with video feed and must have been impossible to manipulate. They did, however, know exactly what their drug-addled fans wanted: a series of disintegrating loops of *King Tut* from the *Jungle Book* saying, "Crazy!"

Tragically, the whole show seemed over in less time than it takes for a 275-pound stonefaced bouncer to double-check your ID and frisk you. I left the show with the satisfaction that comes from knowing that nine months from now, Ninja Tune will be on the cover of **Rolling Stone** and I'll be able to gripe about all the 13-year-old teenage girls who buy their albums and don't really understand what it was like when they were, like, totally, underground and shit.

DJ Rudy

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? THE DELTA 72 Thursday, October 30 Starfish Room

The **Delta 72** aren't your ordinary DC or Dischord Records type of band: they don't want their audience to stand around

and simply nod their heads in approval to their **Nation of Ulysses** meets the **Blues Explosion** style of bluesy rock and roll. Instead, they want the crowd to let it all loose and as their arms and hips sway and to the sweet sound of the blues, they will hopefully be emancipated from the grip of the ho-sojaded indie rock scene.

On this night, the members of the **Delta 72** taunted the spectators seated high above the bar and invited everyone down to the floor to shake their money-makers. The singer was a dynamo, to say the least, preaching his gospel in a likely, phony southern drawl. He 'twang his body around in every possible direction, on numerous occasions diving to the floor in a "spits" position. After a while, the sound of his odd, grainy guitar became repetitive, but, nevertheless, they were quite impressive.

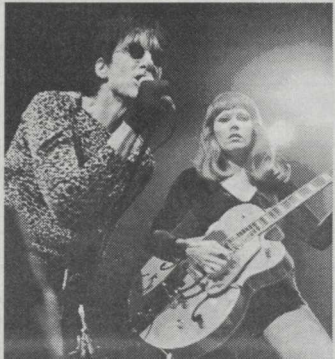
Man or Astro-man, on the other hand, did not impress me at all this time around. A number of songs that they played were from their new album, *Made From Technium*, which is very ordinary and sounds more like generic rock than surf. By the end of the evening, I had lost almost all of my faith in these individuals who claim to be not from this planet. They looked like mere mortals on this occasion.

Chris Carday Day

HALLOWE'EN IN SPACE: A House-Free Gathering Friday, October 31 Crosstown Traffic

Collective pursuits seems to be the theme embraced by the Worldfamousorgandrink and its brainchild the **Erythro Group** in their mission to invent a new Vancouver scene. This night had a freshness to it that may have been lacking at other Halloween events. The venue was home to some of the more abstract dj work that Vancouver has seen in a while. The dynamic basslines and ambient translations of **Chris P** and **Jacob the Baker** rattled the bones of many ghosts and ghouls. The combination of a live bassist and dj combining their talents left many hypnotized by some pretty unique sounds. Skill, competence, and that beautiful scratching of records characterized the set of **Sleuth** and made way for the "bonesplitting" trip drills, breaks and D&B of **Paola**. Finally, the limbo-dancing band of **Drum & bass** preached by **Otaku** contained some of the best slips, scratches, and backward spins I've heard for a long time. The **Erythro Group** proclaim that they exist to open the door that was never locked and translate what is behind it; indeed, when compared to a growlingly conservative rave scene, it appears that the combined strengths of this fluid collection offer a welcome start in another direction.

Jamie Doucette



The Cramps
 Live at Graceland
 photo by Corin Sworn

the characterizations and sketch-acting for which he has become famous. He told stories of growing up, of working as an actor, and of life in general.

Fortunately, this show (apparently only the third he had ever performed) included much that was out of the ordinary as well. In a collection of monologues, Thompson incorporated characters and skits seen before on *Kids in the Hall* with new material in this show. Anecdotes about fame, buying a car, and falling in love flowed

three turntables and a mixer. I'm perhaps not the most knowledgeable guy when it comes to turntable pyrotechnics, but the dynamic frenzy that swept the crowd was obvious. I couldn't help but be amazed by the smooth elegance with which he coaxed stunningly complex and innovative rhythms from his multicoloured vinyl. He threw down amazing breaks and deftly scratched around that paragon of late '80s rap, "Mr. Bob Dabolina." So, tastelessly groovy and so undeniably live.

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SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:30AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Easy open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM Reggae into all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00-5:00PM alt. Read cowboys caught in yer boots country.

WIRELESS 5:00-6:00PM alt.

DAVID ESTRELLA PRESENTS 5:00-6:00PM The best of Spanish music, news and interviews for the Spanish and English speaking communities.

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the queer, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhojans, and also Qawwalis, Folk Songs, etc.

THE SHOW 10:00PM-12:00AM Strictly Hip Hop — Strictly Underground — Strictly Vinyl/Wideboys hosts Mr. Chedda, Flip Out & J Swing on the 1 & 2's.

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop yer gear and stay up late. Naked rants for naked people. Get bent. Love Dave. Eclectic music.

MONDAYS

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-sens, James and Peter, offer a zany and bland

of the familiar and exotic in a blend of sound and delight! Tune in and enjoy each weekly brownplate special. Instrumental, trance, lounge and ambience.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00AM-1:00PM Playing a spectrum of music from Garage Band to Big Band acoustic to electric.

NEEDLEPOINT 1:00-3:00PM Mismatched Pop rock, a quick ride downtown. Don't miss the Snow White Fleet. I love the Snow White Fleet.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM Endeavour to feature dead art, verbal fluency (only when I speak), a work of music by a twentieth-century composer — can you say minimalist! — and whatever else appeals to me. Fog and dylne positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human-answering machine. Got a quarter then ask someone who cares.

EVIL VS. GOOD 4:00-5:00PM Who will triumph? Hardcore / punk from beyond the grave.

BBC WORLD NEWS SERVICE 5:00-5:30 BIRDWATCHERS 5:30-6:00PM Join the Sports department for their eye on the T-birds.

HANS KLOSS MISERY HOUR 6:00-7:00PM Max of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

RADIO BLUE WARSAW alt. 7:00-7:00PM Join Library guests Helen G. and Kim on their info quests set to only the best music. Oct 13. The history of Cider. Oct 27. The life and work of Elizabeth Smart.

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE alt. 7:00-9:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's largest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-so-soon Gavin Walker. Features a 11.

Dec. 1: Guitar great Jim Hall with a 70's classic "concerto"

Dec. 8: Percy, Jimmy and Albert: The Heath Brothers, with their latest.

Dec. 15: Benny Goodman and his all-star quartet.

Dec. 22: By tradition, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and Milk Jackson, Christmas Eve 1954.

Dec. 29: Solo piano at La Scala by Keith Jarrett.

DRUM'N' SPACE 12:00-2:00AM

Vancouver's only drum 'n' bass show. Futuristic urban breakbeat at 160bpm.

TUESDAYS

ALIEN BREAKFAST 8:00-9:30AM Bringing you contact with the unknown sonic world of Australia as well as uncovering some hidden local gems. Come find your future favourite bands before they become huge distant stars. Hosted by Daniel Abraham.

THIRD TIME THE CHARM 9:30-11:30AM Torrid trash-rock, sleazy surf and "pubs" punk provide the perfect sizzle kick to your head every Tuesday morn. There's no second chance when King Fu is used for evil with drunken fist Bryce. Kill ya!!!

FIVE HOUR LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM "Have a rock n' roll McDonald's for lunch today!"

POLYFILLER 2:00-3:00PM TWO WORDS: AVANT GARDE FOLK.

LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO 3:30-5:00PM A combination plate of feminist issues, lesbianism and everything else. Ugoi: make for girls and boys!

CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM Our dedicated newsteam brings you the best news about student life, community organizations, festivals, arts events, youth culture, and social / political issues. Real voices bringing you news you won't hear anywhere else.

RADIO ACTIVE 5:30-6:00PM Social justice issues, Amnesty International updates, activism and looking up the evil corporate powers that be!!!

DIGESTIVE TRACKS 6:00-7:00PM Underground hip hop music. Live on-air mixing by DJ Flipout. Old school to next school tracks. Chew on that shit.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the hordes of hardly heard are heard, courtesy of host and demo director Dale Sawyer. Heard up new music, independent bands.

RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta express with your local hosts Rolando, Romy, and Paulo as they shake it and wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Cumbia and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! (RADIO SABROSAL)

NAKED RADIO alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM From Thelousis Monk to Meridith Monk... we'll play it. Genre-bending, cutting edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative label/artist features. Join Mike and Sean.

WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian better living (p's), the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
8 are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	Alien Breakfast	Mary Tyler Moore Show	the last desk	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE
10 ROCKERS SHOW	the STUPID RADIO SHOW	third time's the charm	DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER	MUSIC FOR ROBOTS/ Filibuster	Ska-t's Scenic Drive	NEW STUFF
12 WIRELESS/ BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	needlepoint	Five Hour Lunch	love sucks	CANADIAN LUNCH	Fill in	POWER CHORD
2 Hello India	Meat-Eating Vegan	Colonel Sander's Hideout	Sugarcube Factory	Steve and Mike	Little Twin Stars	Lucky Scratch
4 GeeTaNaLi	evil vs. good	Polyfiller	motor daddy	justin's time	NARDWHALE & NOIZ	rebel jazz
6 THE SHOW (hiphop)	Lady Deathstrike's Bento	LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S BENTO	motor daddy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	hardsay	Filet of Soul/ Earwax
8 THE SHOW (hiphop)	BBC Worldnews	CITR dinner report	BBC Worldnews	BBC Worldnews	CITR Dinner Report	rebel jazz
10 THE SHOW (hiphop)	birdwatchers	radio active	Rachel's Song	tatto on art/entertainment desk	Far East Side Sounds/ African Rhythms	live at the hi-hat
12 THE SHOW (hiphop)	has date/ never have/ radio like waraw	digestive tracks	ESOTERIK/ SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	HOME BASS	live at the hi-hat
1 IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	hip hop havoc	THE UNHEARD MUSIC	and sometimes why	on air with greased hair	LIAP SINK	live at the hi-hat
2 IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	THE JAZZ SHOW	RITMO LATINO	Folk Oasis	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	LIAP SINK	live at the hi-hat
3 IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM TV SPACE	Canuck Stops Here/ witchdoctor highball	Sr8 outta jallundar	Slippery Slot/ Groove Jumping	LIAP SINK	live at the hi-hat
4 IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	DRUM TV SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES	PIPEDREAMS/ OPEN SEASON/ RADIO FREE BABYLON	Plutonian Nights	LIAP SINK	live at the hi-hat

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE

Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised. Ambient, ethnic, funk, pop, dance, punk, electronic, synth, blues, and unusual rock. **WE'LL BE S.D.A. & S.**

MARY TYLER MCDONALD SHOW 8:30-10:00AM Get music of all shapes and sizes.

DIGITAL ALARM CHRONOMETER 10:00AM-12:00PM electronic.

LOVE SUCKS 12:00-2:00PM Music at work. Cut up mixed genres — eclectic, electronic included but not mandatory.

MOTOCARDIAC 3:00-5:00PM No indie rock here — just some good ol' Southern Fried blues boogie!

CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM Community/campus news and view.

RACHEL'S SONG 5:30-6:00PM info on health and the environment, with a focus on Vancouver. Topics ranging from recycling, conservation projects, to diet, health and consumption and sustainability in the urban context. Comments and ideas are welcome.

ESOTERIK 6:00-7:00PM alt. Ambient/electronic/industrial/ethnic/experimental music for those of us who know about the ill-fated.

SOLID STATE alt. 6:00-7:00PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M. Roth.

AND SOMETIMES WHY 7:30-9:00PM long-playing, dls, miranda july... these are a few of our fave-oh-writ things. la la la!

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:00PM Acoustic/rock/folk music in the middle of your week. Focus on local and Canadian songwriters, regular features on other genres with in-house vids.

STRAIGHT OUTTA LUNDAUNER 10:00PM-12:00AM Dit dls, dinda and dinda immerse you in radioactive Bhangra "Chakka de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes — remixes and originals. Broomah!

THURSDAYS

THE LAST DESK 8:30-10:00AM Listen carefully as Johnny B brings you CITR's classical music show. Featuring Canadian composers, amateur hour & more. Radio can focus, for the masses.

FILIBUSTER alt. 10:00-11:30AM From accordion to the backwoods via swingin' lounge sounds... this show is a genre free zone.

MUSIC FOR ROBOOTS alt. 10:00-11:30AM Viva la Robotic Revolution. Electronics... noiz... new wave, no wave.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Toronto to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage la Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby. (hardcore).

JUSTIN'S TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled confessions.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM Hardcore and Punk rock since 1989. http://mypage.direct.ca/1/flexhead/

8BC WORLDWIDE SERVICE TARTS ON ARTS 5:30-6:00PM alt. Tune in for a lively update on the arts community.

ENTERTAINMENT DESK 5:30-6:00PM alt.

Movie reviews and criticism

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkmacks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Rock of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBOLT RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

SLEEPY SLOT 11:00-1:00AM Live music, a few hits and Napalm Death. These are a lot of my favourite things. It's all about shootin' the shit and rock n' roll, baby.

FRIDAYS

VENUS FLITRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll hear retro stuff, groovy jazz, and thacker stuff too. See you here and bring some love. XXXX

SKA-T'S SCENE-IC DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Ska into all styles and fashions... even some old reggae shit.

UCORKE ALKORTS 12:00-2:00 All kinds of music spoken word, interviews. There are no comments or requests. Tune in and expose yourself to new music and ideas.

LITTLE TWIN STARS 2:00-3:30PM Underground, experimental, indie and women. Jaccuzi spoof rock at it's finest.

NARROWSTATE THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM

NOIZ 4:00-5:00PM will tell.

CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:30PM

FAE EAST SIDE SOUNDS 6:00-9:00PM alt. Soundguy the transpacific underdog, from west java to east Detroit. Sound system operator, Don Chow.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa & African music around the world.

HOMEBASES 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah.

The main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc... Guest DJ's, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more are part of the flavour of homebase.

LUMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM The show that doesn't hate you. Filar Fritter Alldulain and Postman Pat alternate with Tobias Paradigm Shift (text, phone in and kiss your mother with the guests).

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else, studio gobs, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus World Cup Report at 11:30 AM. 8-9 AM: African/World roots. 9-12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Ralfehead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM blues and blues rock with your hosts Anna and Andy.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Jon Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KFCJ (Los Altos, Cal.).

LIVE! AT THE HH-HATTI 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live! — shows and bands — admission \$6.00 — Performers are subject to change." Maximum Soul.

REBEL JAZZ 10:00PM-1:00AM

Join Girish for some — rebel jazz.

EARWAX alt. 1:00AM-DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise." Late night radio soundbath destined to hit you hard. Line features, past experimental choruses, and the occasional humble symphony. "Honey, we'll track you on 'til the break of dawn."

— G. Smiley

attention, all women interested in being a part of a collective hip hop programme or any other radio show. please contact namiko at 822.1242 for more info!

CITR
101.9 FM
W H O M
H O W

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show profile: RACHEL'S SONG

Rachel's Song is a weekly show on Wednesday evenings from 5:30-6:00pm hosted alternately by Karen F (esoteric) and m-path (solid state). The show's focus is on the environment and the health of individuals and society. Topics such as recycling — with an emphasis on the programs currently operating in Vancouver — diet, health, and lifestyle will be recurring themes of Rachel's Song. There will be a strong educational component of what can and cannot be recycled and where. In addition to the actual environmental impact of recycling (which should be the last resort), the importance of refusing, reducing and re-using will be emphasized. Recycling one's garbage is beneficial, but a fundamental change in the individual's and society's consumption habits will be far more beneficial. Interviews of local activists and spotlights on new technologies, organizations (such as the South East False Creek Working Group), and companies will serve to inform the listener on how to reduce one's "ecological footprint" and be a more informed and aware consumer. Upcoming events, such as talks, presentations and rallies, will be announced to encourage the listeners to become more involved in the evolution of their communities. By creating awareness in the listener's ability to become directly involved in the decision making process in their own community, we hope to stimulate a greater sense of self determination. Alternative construction, architecture and design of buildings will be discussed, such as the Choy Building at UBC. Of particular interest is alternate energy sources, water supply and treatment, and overall construction. The example of "happy house" in Toronto will be used as an example of the possibility for residences to be "off the grid" and self-sufficient. The show will also discuss international issues, such as the destruction of natural habitats and animal extinction. In addition, the destructive influence of multi-national corporations on the lifestyle of Terrans will be discussed and exposed.

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dec '97 LONG VINYL dec '97 SHORT VINYL dec '97 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 various artists	fame whore	apathy
2 coldcut	let us play	ninja tune
3 stereolab	dots and loops	elektra
4 coldcut	more beats & pieces	ninja tune
5 ec8or	all of us can be rich ...	grand royal
6 mocket	fanfare	k
7 lonesome organist	collector of cactus ...	thrill jockey
8 the need	the need	chainsaw
9 the cramps	big beat from badsville	epitaph
10 the smugglers	lucky holly convention	lookout/mint
11 mecca normal	who shot elvis?	matador
12 negativland	ipadesip	independent
13 pellucid	tape yr tv	bug girl sound
14 mukpatch	honky-tonk operation	slabeo
15 helium	the magic city	matador
16 the sea and cake	two gentlemen	thrill jockey
17 loop guru	loop bites dog	world domination
18 syrup usa	all over the land	flydaddy
19 guitar wolf	planet of the wolves	matador
20 mr. t experience	revenge is sweet ...	lookout!
21 pizzicato five	happy end of the world	matador
22 apples in stereo	tone soul evolution	elephant/spin
23 frigg-a-gogo	penetrating ...	360 twist!
24 cornershop	when i was born ...	warner
25 man or astro-man?	made from technium	touch and go
26 brand new unit	diddle squat	creative man
27 various artists	up in orbit	up
28 the tonics	looking for the good ...	lance rock
29 sonic youth	slaapkarners met slagroom	bmi
30 modest mouse	the lonesome crowdled west	up
31 portishead	portishead	go! beat
32 longstocking	once upon a time ...	chainsaw
33 the exotics	go go guitars	tiki tone
34 butterglory	rat tat tat	merge
35 aerial m	aerial m	drag city

1 mauvier city devils	the murder city ...	empty
2 lake of dracula	untitled	skin graft
3 the kiss offs	love's evidence ...	peek-a-boo
4 reclusives	more of the same	empty
5 the mart from uncle	friends to none	lance rock
6 jump rope	the pensive ep	motor way
7 celestial magenta	clivedon	independent
8 juno	magnified and reduced ...	jale tree
9 von zippers	hot rod monkey	screaming apple
10 vehicle flips	terminus	harriet
11 sloppy seconds	minnie greutzfeldt	get hip
12 sarah dougher	breakin' in a brand new ...	k
13 jale	true what you say	ready to break
14 make-up	free arthur lee	k
15 love battery	snipe hunt	letdown
16 victory at sea	victory at sea	villa villaknia
17 thrush hermit	giddy with the drugs	murder
18 sloppy seconds	where eagles dare	get hip
19 the ids	locked in a room	hive
20 jon spencer lx	s/t	matador

1 the tonebursts	masters of karate
2 dirtmitts	amaze me
3 the colorifies	747 (now i see heaven)
4 quonset	desert blade
5 plumbtree	in the sink
6 squeaky	ten twenty-three
7 touch and gos	campus radio boy
8 dreamy angel	laundromat queen
9 thee goblins	golden tokens
10 the lamps	freedom drunk
11 harvey switched	muddy eyes
12 the beans	italian vases
13 mizmo	sprite
14 the hounds of buskerville	sorry
15 radio star	radio star
16 the floor	better men
17 the e-team	the edge
18 wiggler	bad man hank
19 bonafly	dandelion
20 the spitfires	so lonely



WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL TOP 10 ALTERNATING TUESDAYS 10PM-12AM

- 1 mouse on mars
- 2 donald antrim
- 3 antechair
- 4 the nice film ponette
- 5 the plastic project at the cultch
- 6 david f. wallace
- 7 the nice film lost highway
- 8 squarepusher
- 9 jeffrey eisenides' short story real estate
- 10 the nice doctor

The Good Jacket

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~ longstocking ~ polvo ~ plumbtree ~
 ~ cornershop ~ him ~ john fahey with cul de sac ~
 ~ cat power ~ stereolab ~ jonathan fire eater ~
 ~ readymade ~ containe ~ v/a what's up matador ~
 ~ huevos rancheros ~ fluke ~ helium ~ paul miller ~
 ~ the lookers ~ tim brady ~ windy & carl ~
 ~ golden lake diner ~ juliana hatfield ~ bardo
 pond ~ purple ivy shadows ~ harmonia 76 ~
 and, of course, CITR 101.9fm

december datebook



FRI 21 Uz Jsmé Doma, High Llamas@Starfish Room... Lee "Scratch" Perry@Sonar [early show]... Soul Crib@Chameleon... StereoLab, Mouse on Mars, Flush@Palladium... Rhythm Roundup@Willow Street Cafe...

SAT 22 Cool, The Beans@Railway Club... DDT@Starfish Room... Soul Crib@Chameleon... Matthew Good Band, Inkhouse@Graceland... Co-op Radio & ICTV benefit: The Linda McKee Band, Joe Keithley, Flakland 6@Legion...

SUN 23 Steve Lacy@Starfish Room... Simon Townshend Band@Gate... David Grisman Quartet@Vogue... Reba McEntire, Brooks & Dunn@GM Place... Big Bad Voodoo Daddy@Richard's on Richards...

MON 24 Grills with Guitars: Emma Carter, Connie Saulnier, Nadine Davenport@Railway Club...

TUE 25 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! Semi-finals: Bless the God, Bossanova, Hounds of Buskerville@Railway Club... Princess Bride, Transpotting@UBC SUB Norm... Glimmer@Gate...

WED 26 Midge@Starfish Room... Paradise Lost: The Molesters@Anza... CD Release: Rain@Railway Club... Xmen, Scratch Kila, Bear Junkies@Sonar...

THUR 27 CTR PRESENTS GIRLFEAST: Revulva, The Dirmitts, gaze, Clover Honey@Brickyard... The Ruins@Starfish Room... Skydiggers@Richard's on Richards... Paradise Lost: The Hot Club of Mars@Anza...

FRI 28 CTR PRESENTS GIRLFEAST: JP5, Wow, The Go-Devis, Siobhán du Vall, Sloppy@Brickyard... Juliana Hatfield@Starfish Room... Slick@Palladium... Odds@UBC SUB Ballroom... Paradise Lost: Blue Heaven@Anza... Age of Electric, Zuckerbaby, Mystery Machine@Vogue... Ralph in-store@Virgin Megastore...

SAT 29 CTR PRESENTS GIRLFEAST: Liquid Amber, Puncture, Hissy Fit, MoneyPenny, Sunny@Brickyard... Metalwood@Chameleon... MXPX, Reset, Bracket@Starfish Room... The Tea Party, Ecotoline Crush@PNE Forum... Duane

Steele@Vogue... Third Eye Blind@Palladium... Veal, Mel@Railway Club...

SUN 30 Fred Penner@UBC Museum of Anthropology...

MON 1 Spirit of the West, Mary Jane Lamond@Vogue...

TUE 2 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! Semi-finals: The Salteens, Vancouver Knights, Superchief@Railway Club... Gus Gus, Q Burns@Palladium... Blue Rodeo@QET...

WED 3 Michael Dog@Mars... Blue Rodeo@QET...

THU 4 Prong, Sister Machine Gun, Noise Therapy, Gun@Vogue... Wow, Cooking Purple@Railway Club...

FRI 5 Lee Aaron, Colorifics, Molesters@Vogue... Terror of Tinytown, Thrill Squad, The Beekkeepers@Brickyard... Eugene Ripper, Beavertown@Railway Club...

SAT 6 John Hiatt, Hoken, the emplys@Rage... Velvet@Chameleon... Kevin Yost@Sonar... Eugene Ripper, Jelly Farm@Railway Club...

SUN 7 Open house@Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Classical Chinese Garden...

TUE 9 Hard Rubber Orchestra@VECC... Carmiga DeForest@Railway Club... Quonset, High5 for Jive@Brickyard... U2, Smash Mouth@B's Place... Andy Summers Group@Richard's on Richards...

WED 10 CTR PRESENTS Atari Teenage Riot, Shizuo, ECROR@Palladium... Audio Active, Adrian Sherwood@Starfish Room... Knock Down Ginger, Carmiga DeForest@Railway Club...

THU 11 Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra@Chan Centre... Sweet Dick@Railway Club...

FRI 12 Cherry Poppin' Daddies@Starfish Room... Yellow Productions@Sonar... Mecca Normal, Cool, Emptys@Brickyard... Sweet Dick@Railway Club...

SAT 13 G-Love and Special Sauce@Starfish Room... The Wheat Chiefs, Jesse's Girl, Jet Set@Brickyard... Jane Sibbery@Vogue, Portishead, DJ Andy Smith@Rage... The St. Lawrence String Quartet@Chan Centre... Sweet Dick@Railway Club...

TUE 16 Ralph's Beatnik Xmas@Railway Club...

WED 17 Ford Pier & the Moils, Tom Holliston@Railway Club... THU 18 Superchief, Fat Chance@Starfish Room... Punch Drunk, Drexel's Eye@Brickyard... No Fun@Railway Club...

FRI 19 CTR PRESENTS SHINDIG! finals@Railway Club... The Carlets, The Rereads@Brickyard... Ray Condo & The Richochets@Railway Club... 112, Busta Rhymes, Foxy Brown, Jay Z, Kid Capri, L.O.X., Lil' Cease, Lil' Kim, Maze, Usher, Puff Daddy & The Family@GM Place...

SAT 20 The Colorifics@Starfish Room... Ray Condo & the Richochets@Railway Club... Blammo, Trike Wipeout, Molevelence@Brickyard... Vancouver Chamber Choir, Ed Henderson@Chan Centre...

SUN 21 Poetry Panache: Xmas Edition@Death by Chocolate... Sugar Rum Cherry@VECC... Vancouver Chamber Choir, Ed Henderson@Chan Centre...

MON 22 Grills with Guitars@Railway Club...

TUE 23 Ronnie Hayward Trio@Railway Club...

WED 24 Ronnie Hayward Trio@Railway Club...

FRI 26 Bughouse Five@Railway Club...

MON 29 Money Hungry Newlyweds, Numbies@Railway Club...

TUE 30 Oh Susanna, Kevin Kane@Railway Club...

Special events

BUY NOTHING DAY
The name pretty much says it all, folks! How's about spending a day without spending? Think about it: on you go 24 hours being a non-consumer! On Friday, November 28th, join Advertisers, Businesses and B&B Funder Ted Dave in their mission to save the world (or at least provide food for thought) from corporate consumer evil!

GIRLFEAST
Thursday, November 27-Saturday, November 29 celebrates our local, independent girl talent in a benefit for the Downtown Eastside Women's Centre at the Brickyard. Festival participants include Puncture, Revulva, Stupid Anas, Cloverhoney, Siobhán Du Vall, Celestial Magenta, Go-Devis, Sloppy, Hissy Fit, JP5, Sunny, Gaze, & more!

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK," DEADLINE FOR THE JANUARY ISSUE IS DECEMBER 12TH!

everything
you need to know
about.....
everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway [side entrance]
Anderson's Restaurant [Jazz on the Creek]
Anza Club 3 W. 8th [Mount Pleasant]
Art's Hotline
Bossex 217 W. Hastings [at Cambie]
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston [Granville Island]
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th [at MacDonald]
The Blinding Light 256 E. Georgia [between Main & Gore]
The Brickyard 315 Carroll St.
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial [the Drive]
Cafe Vieux Montreal 315 E. Broadway [Mount Pleasant]
Coprice Theatre 965 Granville [Granville Mall]
Crescent 3180
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia [Downtown]
Chan Centre for the Performing Arts 6265 Crescent Rd [UBC]
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St.
CN max theatre 999 Canada Place
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia [at Cordova]
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville [Granville Mall]
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova [Gastown]
Crosstown Traffic 316 W. Hastings [Downtown]
Death by Chocolate 1001 Denman St. [at Nelson]
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman [West End]
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carroll St.
DVB 515 Davie [Downtown]
Fishall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova [at Main]
Food Not Bombs Vancouver

Frederic Wood Theatre [UBC]
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings [Downtown]
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell [Gastown]
The Gate 1176 Granville [Downtown]
Good Jockey 42 Kingway [at Main]
Gore's Place 4584 Yale Rd. [Chilliwack]
The Grind Gallery 4124 Main [Mt. Pleasant]
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings [Downtown]
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway [Kitsilano]
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main [Mt. Pleasant]
H's A Secret 1221 Granville St. [Downtown]
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery [Pt. Grey]
La Quena 4111 Commercial [the Drive]
The Lohus Club 455 Abbott [Gastown]
Lucky's 3972 Main
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour [Downtown]
Mars 1320 Richards [Downtown]
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville [Downtown]
Medallion 1926 W. Broadway
Mora & Powell [Gastown]
Neon Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave [Kitsilano]
Old American Pub 928 Main [Downtown]
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour [Downtown]
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe [Downtown]
Palladium formerly Graceland 1250 Richards [Downtown]
Paradise 27 Church [New West]
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville [Granville Mall]
Park Theatre 3440 Camille [South Vancouver]
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender [at Seymour]
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building [UBC]
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings [Downtown]
Purple Theatre 881 Granville [Granville Mall]
Plaza Onion 15 Water St. [Gastown]
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville [Downtown]

The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South [Plaza of Nations]
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir [at Seymour]
Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards [Downtown]
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus [at 16th Ave.]
Russian Hall 600 Campbell [Chinatown]
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova [Gastown]
Shoobak Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. [Bby]
Sonar 66 Water [Gastown]
Southland Candy Shop 4198 Main [at 26th]
Squish's Kiosk 4470 Main [at 29th]
Starfish Room 1055 Hanmer [Downtown]
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman [West End]
Street Street Arts Centre 930 Station [off Main]
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsmuir [Downtown]
StoneTemple Cabaret 1082 Granville St. [Downtown]
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville [Downtown]
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings [Chinatown]
Thunderbolt Ent. Centre 120 W. 16th St. [N. Van]
The Tower 339 W. Hastings [Downtown]
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander [Gastown]
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables [at Victoria]
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main [Mt. Pleasant]
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville [S. Granville]
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th [Point Grey]
Video In Studios 1020 Granville [Downtown]
Virgin Mega Store 788 Burrard [at Robson]
Video Theatre 918 Granville [Granville Mall]
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson [Granville St.]
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave.
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. [at Main]
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adonax [the Drive]
Women In Print 3566 W. 4th [Kitsilano]
Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville [Downtown]
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th [Kitsilano]

REINDEER PICKS FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

NOFX



DASHER

NOFX So Long And Thanks For All The Shoes CD, LP

The swan song from these elder statesmen of the California pop/punk school. With a career high 19 records over the years, veteran leadership might just be what your punk record collection is lacking! Show your smarts and let NOFX fill your boots!

CD \$14.98 LP \$12.98



DANCER

JOURNEYMAN National Hijinx CD, 2LP

JOURNEYMAN is the new working name for Paul Frenkeland, otherwise known as Weeb - one of the Emi Records' graceful ambient artists. National Hijinx never stays too long on one idea, but visits many with careful selection: drum and bass, trip hop, funk, ambient, all the looter signs are (surprised). Somehow the fissures are filled in so as to fix the disparate elements into a glossy, constantly flowing "wide birth" of sounds and styles. There is much to draw with the listener into JOURNEYMAN's thoughtful, mysterious and very cinematic travel logs. Get lost.

CD \$16.98 2LP \$16.98



PRANCER

MODEST MOUSE The Lonesome Crowded West CD

These young indie upstarts have enough verve and energy to sway any jaded and cynical rock fan's disappointment with otherwise tired out monster rock lumbering humdrum. MODEST MOUSE: fresh voice comes out louder, clearer and more confidently on this new full length for Seattle's Up Records. And this is not a throwback or simple remix of the same old stuff; it's a fair new take on guitar driven pop noisiness. Fans of Terepeople and the Pixies take note, but total strangers should come give an ear as well.

CD \$14.98



VIXEN

ISOTOPE 217° The Unstable Molecule CD, LP

Esper Turtelove fans can find temporary relief with the regular use of ISOTOPE 217° - a new product from the Thrill Jockey laboratories. Empowered by the active ingredients: Dan Bitney, John Herndon and Jeff Parker (to name a few), this amazing compound transforms anxious ambience into jazzed out groove satisfaction. And it's good for all occasions, improving mental and physical health and endurance generally. It's a miracle. Make ISOTOPE 217° a part of your daily medication regimen. Possible side effects might include these: slow hip movement, head nodding, foot tapping and addiction. Get dosed.

CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98

*Plus
Lots More New Christmas
Crackers Such As...*

PULP Help The Aged CD-EP

SQUAREPUSHER Burning 'n' Tree CD, LP

PORTRAITHEAD Over CD-EP, Parts 1-2

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY Flavour Of The Week CD

HIS NAME IS ALIVE Nice Day CD-EP

PLAID Not For Threes CD

JONATHAN FIRE EATER Wolf Songs For Lambs CD

There's a new presence amongst the flock, a jittering nervousness foreboded by the piercing howl which breaks the black blanket of night. JONATHAN FIRE EATER descends with their well-stocked blend of soul-shock-rock to sack the panicked plateaus. Unhindered we may now sing Wolf Songs For Lambs.

CD \$16.98

COMET



LUKE SLATER Freel Funk CD

Meet the man with his finger on the pulse: LUKE SLATER. A futuristic freed funk kind of a guy. LUKE SLATER runs the gamut between deep space and techno while keeping his silky synth knobs twiddling. A leathery tech (know) star to be. Wear gloves and handle with extreme caution.

CD \$16.98

CLUPD



NOMEANSNO Would We Be Alive? CD-EP, 12"

Victoria's most famous exports are back with four new songs to shake away those autumn blues. Faster than you can count to four, NOMEANSNO launch into this EP with all the force and fury they are renowned for and all the conviction that has made them an international mainstay for over a decade.

CD-EP \$10.98 12" \$8.98

DONNER



EAT STATIC Science Of The Gods CD

No time for stoniness, as EAT STATIC's latest beat heavy combination of jungle/ambience/trance sets the spheres in motion to fast forward to a new century.

CD \$16.98

BLITZEN



LABRADFORD Mi Media Naranja CD, LP

Over three full-length recordings, Labradford's aesthetic has become increasingly refined. But it would be simplistic and inappropriate to describe this fourth full-length as a culmination of a final new high stage. Labradford's development is nonlinear; they excel by continually falling back into themselves, folding past work and experience into a self-critical mix, occasionally emerging to demonstrate their current state of formation. As such, their haunting, elegant, space-rock-like excellence has never sounded so rich, articulate and present. And they are still turning in the mix.

AVAILABLE NOVEMBER 27

CD \$16.98 LP \$12.98

THE RHEOSTATICS Double Live 2CD

This most Canadian of all bands' long known for their dynamic and unpredictable live shows offer up their first recording from the stage ever. With 29 songs recorded from Saint John's to Victoria, Double Live is filled with songs old and new about hockey, winter, sadness and love. This is the one you've been waiting for!

2CD \$16.98

AND LET'S
NOT FORGET
POOR
RUDOLPH!



MOUSE ON MARS

Instrumentals LP

MOUSE ON MARS are some of our favourite Germans. And this is certainly their year: recording with bright stars Stereolab and releasing the very fine full-length Autodivider. They easily stand out amidst so much genre-homogeneity. Their playful electronics has a welcome unique freshness and intelligence; they know how to work creatively with sound and structure. This vinyl-only collection demonstrates their skillful know-kiddling with generous aplomb. Another good reason to buy a turntable.

LP \$12.98



Christmas Coupon!

AS THE FESTIVE SEASON APPROACHES, ZULU SERVES UP SOME MERRY "mood music" for this season. Sneak a peak at our Christmas stock, and clip this coupon for **15% OFF** any of our fine titles such as...

VARIOUS *Hardcore Holiday* CD

VARIOUS *Santa's Got a GTO* CD

JANE SIBERRY *Child* 2CD

VIBRAPHONIC *Christmas* CD

VARIOUS *U Sleigh Me* CD

JAMES BROWN *Funky Christmas* CD

BORIS KARLOFF *How The Grinch Stole Christmas* CD

SHANE MACGOWAN *Christmas Party* CD-EP

VARIOUS *Yule Struttin': A Blue Note Christmas* CD

And perennial season classics from Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Phil Spector, Elvis, Bing, Nat, Burl and many more.



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